

CODE BLUE: Facing up to the hospital shutdowns

CANADA'S

WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MARCH 17, 1997



THE FIGHT FOR TORONTO

ESSAY

A metropolis
with the mind
of a village'

By Robert Fulford

A plan to create
a mega-city
has sparked
a passionate
debate



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The fight for Toronto

Angry over Ontario's plans to unify six local municipalities into a megacity of 2.5 million people, the citizens of Toronto have reacted with an explosion of political action. It may be the city the rest of Canada looks to hate, but Torontonians like Toronto just the way it is



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A panel recommends the closure or modification of almost every Toronto hospital, continuing a trend that has hit several other provinces hard on deficit-reduction



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It took GM and Ford to revolutionize the car industry in profitability. A major reason is the popularity of its designs



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A visual feast from the East

Klieg lights are shining on Atlantic Canada with the growing production of movies and TV series—including *The Hour Has 22 Minutes*, starring Mary Walsh

COVER PHOTO BY RICH CHARD

From The Editor

The greening of 'Taranna'



It is a city that is home to some of the nation's largest corporations, but where residents are required to shovel their own sidewalks after a snow storm or face a \$65 fine. It is a place where waving strands of pampas grass grow as tall as a barn in deep ravines within walking distance of the towers of glass and steel. It is a metropolis of mammoth size that is also home to some of the finest writers in the English language. It is a town that the *American* writer John Doe Proulx called "a lovely place." Nicknamed derisively as "a first-rate city," and writer and urban expert Jane Jacobs, a resident, celebrates as "the most hopeful and healthy city in North America."

It is Toronto the Good, the town that seems to unify the rest of the country in opposition simply because it exists. And in recent weeks, residents of the town that has fought have been embroiled in a passionate debate about the size and scope of their future—all of that brought on by a provincial government that is determined to reduce costs by folding six municipalities, including Toronto, into a megacity that would have a larger population than six provinces (page 40).

It is all part of the strategy by the Conservative government of Premier Mike Harris to get controversial policies in place by the end of the year, so as to allow two years of "good news" leading up to the next election call. Last week's announcement that 10 Toronto hospitals will close is part of that agenda, so is a plan to transfer more of the costs of social programs to the city. What the Harris government has managed to do, however,

is to write a coalition of otherwise disparate interests against the amalgamation plan. The chief reason has nothing to do with the plan itself: some features have obvious merit—especially including the elimination of duplicated services and local jobs who seem to be nothing better than building monuments in their own shadow image. What the opposition is all about is preserving a sense of time and place. Torontonians are convinced that the "Times are moving too quickly and that the brick-shedder style of the government—and their apparent disdain for people who live in the city—threaten the long tradition of protecting strong local neighborhoods from the powers and jackhammers.

Even outsiders—say people who have lived in Toronto for a dozen years—have come to respect and enjoy the Toronto way. Unlike many major cities in North America, the city enjoys a livable—and livelier—downtown with residential neighborhoods a walk away from the landmark CN Tower. Unlike Calgary or Ottawa, where city core streets are deserted after dark, Toronto bounces with life. There is no well-thought-out sense, as writer Robert Fulford put it, of "a big city that dreams of being little. It adores smallness. It's a metropolis with the mind of a village." The kind of place where people don't lose their own sidewalks when it snows.

Robert Lewis



Toronto Mayor Barbara Hall at a public event.

Newsroom Notes:

Toronto the Good

Author and columnist Robert Fulford, whose essay opens this week's cover package on Toronto, writes regularly about the city in *Toronto Life*, and is the author of *Accidental City*, an elegant book on the transformation of Toronto. "It's a city I've always dreamed of living in,"



Fulford, Fulford bright city of dreams



he says, referring to the cosmopolitan mix of cafes, cuisines and cultures. A supporter of the controversial amalgamation plan, Fulford insists that Torontonians will never lose their strong commitment to local neighborhoods. "There is too much passion for that."

For Senior Writer Joe Chidley, preparing his report on the megacity debate took him on a stroll with Toronto Mayor Barbara Hall in her neighborhood and into a meeting where he ran into two old university friends. After acquiring to a local pub, says Chidley, they "talked about—what else?—the megacity. It made me feel, for a while anyway, like I was living in a small town."



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Salmon, native culture's staple, is the core

Passion for greed

What passion, I wonder, is Bre-X senior vice-president John Feldhofer referring to when he states "Business is business. You do away with your passions" (Globe, April 20, 2002)? Given March 30, could he be referring to a passion for greed? Other kinds of passions get the rest of mankind bed in the morning. They are the passions that give rise to civil rights, equal opportunity, and responsibility in sharing in the wealth and well-being of the world. In places like Indonesia, natural resources and entire cultures are stripped to the core with no hope for anything better at the headwaters. Philadelphia, Hiroshima and Prudent Saboteur of the world. It is a fallacy to believe that the people of Indonesia will profit in any way from their own natural resources in this venture, and a disgrace that a Canadian company will.

Marilyn Bell
Nanaimo, B.C. S 36

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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If a government murders at will, why are other world's corporations think that that same government will act honestly at legally in a business venture?

Katherine Palmer
Saskatoon, S.C. S 36

You manage to make a business event of some importance and like a sharp thriller. One can almost hear the sound track in the background, see the camera sweep in for a close-up of that "grey-pale" skin. The simple, pretty sentences capture the scene, while subtly weaving basic rules of grammar and style.

Geoffrey McKel
Saskatoon, N.Y. S 36

Keeping in touch

In light of recent threats to the Canadian periodical industry, I feel that Mailweek's is a valuable resource for Canadian expatriates to keep up with the news. In addition, that information from a distinctly Canadian perspective may be discussed. Mail from Canada can take anywhere from three weeks to months to reach one, and I have to be in the English-speaking news sources other than American options. As a Canadian working in Turkey, I feel in touch with my nationality, thanks to this magazine.

George Mader
Toronto, Turkey S 36

Unkindest cuts

While addressing the House of Commons about the federal budget, Finance Minister Paul Martin said: "The cuts of cuts is cutting." (Martin's message, Canada, March 28). I find this a very interesting statement. Every level of government has borrowed large amounts of money and this money is sold away. Legally speaking, the federal government has to run a surplus of \$20 billion for each of the next 20 years to service our debt to the general. To run this surplus, taxes either have to be raised or governments have to cut back on spending. Knowing the former is political suicide, the way of the cuts may be to come.

David Gray
Montreal, S.C. S 36

I find Paul Martin's comment that "what we started to do in 1993, [promote government] should have started much earlier, and it would have been a hell of a lot easier." (Sonne

A little flag waving

I was moved to tears by your story on the three men who have been deliberately flying the Canadian flag for a year ("They stand, we guard," Opening Notes, March 31). They are certainly my heroes. As a musician in the Canadian Forces for 35 years, I stood on the beaches of Normandy for dedication ceremonies, and our flag was there. I played songs of glory for our fallen comrades in countries in Holland and Belgium, and our flag was there. I was led on the beach at D-Day with veterans and spoke in whispers of their sacrifice, and our flag was there. I stood at the war memorial in Ottawa and celebrated our victories and lamented the passing of great Canadians who gave their lives for our country, and our flag was there. I am reminded by these patriotic Canadians in Quebec City who do "stand on guard" for our values and our heritage.

Chief warrant officer
Jack Kopelke (ret.)
Chilwick, B.C. S 36

"Recovery?" Come, Feb. 17) to be extremely hypocritical. Was it not a Liberal government that introduced Canada's deficit financing? Was it not the Liberal's confidence motion over John Crosbie's budget that brought down Joe Clark's Conservative government? It was Crosbie's budget, in the early '80s, that was going to deal with and eliminate a much smaller federal deficit. Then it would have been a hell of a lot easier. I applaud Martin's effort to reduce the federal deficit, and I hope he stays the course. But I believe he suffers from selective memory.

Philip Dore
Kelowna, B.C. S 36

A word about debt

"Lending on borrowed money" (The Road Ahead, March 30), about the country's debt-load of \$1 trillion, should be changed very much to say every high-school and university student in Canada from now to eternity.

G. Edward Bell
Ottawa

Sacrifice recognized

May letter writer Albert Dubard ("For a great cause," March 31) realize that at first one country in rural New York state is very much aware of sacrifices Canadians have made for the ultimate benefit of two countries. Canada's flag was proudly dis-

covered by the crown jewel for last winter. As it is, it is a more powerful symbol.

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Backstage



Anthony Wilson-Smith Unconventional wisdom

Trying to understand Quebec politics, sometimes one said, is like watching two bears wrestling under a rug. Every now and then, a corner of the carpet lifts, so that it is possible to see the great tussle taking place underneath. But even then, it is impossible to tell who is winning.

The same is true for Quebec politics, at least for many English Canadians. To them, Quebec seems a place of great debate and constitutional bickering, equally endless language divisions, and scuffles among the province's trade unions, business and political leaders.

But things are often not quite as they seem. For example, despite the antiseptic effects of various politicians and journalists, Anglophone and francophone Quebecers get along personally. And polls indicating that francophones are split between supporting federalism and sovereignty do not reflect the equally relevant fact that most are bored to tears by the debate.

Then, there are the federal Liberals and their on-again relationship with Quebec. There seems infinite cause to suggest that in the next election the Liberals will win significantly more than their present total of 73 of the province's 75 seats, compared with the 33 held by the Bloc. But that, on closer examination, will probably not happen. Even some Liberal organizers in the province acknowledge they will be lucky to win up to three seats—and they may not improve at all. Paradoxically, the Liberals are likely to improve their traditionally weakest area—Western Canada—while remaining unpopular in the province that they once stood most.

The election of Jean Charest's Liberals with Quebec as reflected at the most senior levels. The Prime Minister and his lieutenants, Finance Minister Paul Martin, are both Quebecers. So, too, are the over-riding majority of Charest's closest advisors, such as chief of staff Jean Pelletier, senior policy adviser Eddie Goldenberg, and Charest's closest confidant, Montreal business leader John Lee. Consequently there are no secretaries at senior levels in the Prime Minister's Office. In meetings with caucus, the Prime Minister discusses every new initiative in Quebec politics at length, often at the expense of other regions.

Since pre-election conditions provided obvious cause for optimism, the Progressive Conservatives, who split the federalist vote in 1995, will not be a factor (other than in Tory-led or Jean Charest-owned ridings). And the federal Liberals can, for the first time in four elections, count on enthusiastic support from the province's Liberals, who've recently backed the Tories.

The other encouraging news for Liberals is the divided Bloc. In 1995, the party counted on the enormous popularity of then-leader

Lucien Bouchard. Now, the race to choose a third leader is less than four years has been bitter yet boring. Although party whip Gilles Duceppe looks likely to win, his dictatorial manner in caucus and left-wing politics render him unpopular in some quarters that another MP, Nic LeBlanc, recently wrote an open letter to a Montreal newspaper detailing why the party should not choose Duceppe.

But those going to a Liberal breakfast is tempered by distinct realities of Quebec society. Some are not Charest's fault, perhaps no one can bridge the ground and between Quebec's constitutional wishes and the impatience of the rest of the country with the topic. And media coverage of the Prime Minister in Quebec is every bit as vicious as, say, some editorial commentary about Lucien Bouchard in the rest of the country. (To counter Charest's problems, some

Quebec Liberal organizers left prospective candidates, falsely, that Charest has said he will step down and give Martin the job within two years.)

But the Liberals possess an unerring instinct for making trouble for themselves in Quebec. Witness the recent, much-criticized decision to award travel grants almost only to those artists and entertainers prepared to promote Quebec only. Not to mention the 1994 decision to close the Calgary stadium riot, despite the status as the country's only military college in a rapidly francophone area.

Now, the Liberals are proceeding with legislation restricting tobacco companies' sponsorship of sports and cultural events. The bill, its potential merits aside, will devastate tobacco-related events in Montreal. That includes all of the city's top summer teams, drawn, such as the jazz and comedy festivals, theater, and exhibition and Grand Prix race. Not surprisingly, the result is a huge outcry in a city that is as wrought about as its fondness for the race. The result, Bloc supporters said last week, could turn the tide in as many as five Montreal-area seats they expected to lose.

How can the Liberals so misread a province they care so much about? The answer may lie in a social sports and entertainment athletes who "think too much." That means they second-guess themselves rather than follow their initial, correct reflexes. For proof of Charest's remarkable instincts elsewhere, witness his high popularity ratings and the manner in which he won strong bonds with Alberta Premier Ralph Klein and, by the evidence last week, B.C. Premier Glen Clark. Alberta and British Columbia have often feuded with each other in the past, and united only to criticize Ottawa. But Charest has made peace with both men, and politicians the Liberals will improve their seat count in both provinces. In Quebec, on the other hand, the Prime Minister and his advisers perhaps think too much. That not necessarily a good idea when bear wrestling is involved.

In Quebec, the good news for Charest is that the Bloc is divided. The bad news is that his tobacco law is bombing.

Opening Notes

Edited by BARBARA WICKENS

Chrétien going to the polls early

The concern of many Liberals, including at least half of the Ontario caucus, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien is pushing ahead with plans to call an election during the weekend of April 26 and 27. Given the near unanimous 36-day campaign, which comes into effect on April 20, that would send Canadians to the polls on June 2. More cautious Liberals have warned that it could be dangerous to call an election before the tradition of four-year terms expires in mid-fall. They worry that unless Chrétien has an overwhelming issue to take to voters—and so far he does not—the timing of the election itself, and thus complaints about Liberal inactivity, could become the issue. In addition, opposition attacks on high unemployment, overseas taxes and healthcare cuts could swamp the Liberals' low-key platform of fiscal prudence. Those worries have not deterred election planners, such as campaign



Chrétien, gaining the advice of a cautious caucus

director Gordon Ashworth, who is confident that the economy is recovering; that the town, unlike its opponents is ready; and that the timing, on the heels of Chrétien's April 8 1997 official visit to Washington, is right. So far such arguments are winning the cautious Chrétien's approval.

Amateur night in Edmonton

For Alex Chu, competing in the Local Exposure's amateur video competition is a labor of love. The 29-year-old Edmonton insurance underwriter expenses it took a total of 74 hours to produce his four-minute, night scene video *The Pious Fagot*. The insurance—about a delivery boy who has a contract taken out on his life because he delivers a pizza one minute late—is one of 10 finalists being shown on the big screen as part of Edmonton's Local Exposure in the annual Screen Festival running until March 15. Local Exposure is a celebration of independent cinema, which attracts acclaimed film makers from around the world. Among the participants this year who will be promoting movies and discussing their craft is Australian writer-director Paul Cox, who's showing his comedy *Jack Aus-*

Range. But the local aspect is what makes Local Exposure a festival with a difference. The National Screen Institute, a nonprofit organization that stages the 11-year-old festival, adds Local Exposure's four years ago. This year 58 Albertans entered the contest, which stipulates that submissions must get excited five parents, must all be signed, and must be suitable for family viewing. Judges select the 10 finalists from which audience members determine the people's choice winner. Festival producer Jan Miller says the entrants really get into the spirit of things. "They explore every genre, from westerns to horror films to film noir," she adds. "And last year's winner for *Golden World Games*—about a pair of kids who newly resort to gun play over whether "bitchy" is an acceptable Scrabble word—says he had no much fun as he had to enter again this year. I have always loved movies, and I regret such a rush to use your work on the big screen."

William, Legge-Bourke's husband

Diana vs. Tiggy

So when it has been suggested he might want to change the constitution to say "defender of faith," rather than "defender of the faith," One day Prince William, son of Charles, Prince of Wales, and second in line to the throne, will become the supreme governor of the Church of England Nice title. So the March 3 confirmation ceremony at St. George's Hall in Windsor was another necessary step along that road for the 14-year-old prince. Nothing controversial at all, just a quiet, private, family affair.

Not a chance. This is Britain's Royal Family. It seems that the original guest list to the post-confirmation party was drafted by Tiggy Legge-Bourke, 51, the upper-class aunt whom Charles hired after his separation from Diana to help look after the boys. Diana does not like Legge-Bourke. Never has. There were a few too many photos of Legge-Bourke frolicking and coddling with William as he is known. After Diana complained, Charles agreed to downgrade Legge-Bourke's public profile. But the reportedly snubbed response by drafting a guest list that was noticeably light on Diana's side of the family. The slight was fixed, and Legge-Bourke was admonished. There is not much question of Diana losing a battle of wits.

Virtually militant

Instead becoming a revolutionary tradition among Ontario university students. In recent weeks, protesters at McMaster University in Hamilton, the University of Guelph and all three Toronto universities—York, Ryerson and the University of Toronto—have occupied their schools' administrative offices, angrily demanding an end to steep hikes in tuition. But at the University of Western Ontario in London, whose hard-core liberal arts campus and well-heeled, law-student body have earned it the name "Country Club U," students have launched a prudent method of registering their displeasure. Last week, they began calmly making their electronic way to <http://www.uwo.ca/utvive>. At the Web site, launched by the University Students' Council, students are invited to occupy an electronic version of president Paul Davis' portraiture. "Western is a conservative university," explained student president Dave Tompkins. "We didn't want to be too eye-bearing or aggressive or unprofessional." With 100 students adding their names to the occupation in its first day of operation, Tompkins described the sides as "far more democratic than April 1968—there is no way this many students could sit in Davis' portrait office." "Western is a conservative university," explained student president Dave Tompkins. "We didn't want to be too eye-bearing or aggressive or unprofessional."

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Schmitzer: "The biggest carrot we have ever played for"

Sweeping towards glory

Canadians have long had to suffer fools. Olympians once Jean-François Schmitzer, for instance, once opened that curling need to move "attractive" athletes in order to show what he saw as his best curling image. Who

BEST-SELLERS

FICITION

1. *The Patriarch*, John Grisham (32)
2. *Asian Blues*, Margaret Atwood (22)
3. *Not on My Terms*, John Grisham (21)
4. *The Englishman's Boy*, Guy Vanderhaeghe (19)
5. *2001: The Last Thing I Remember*, J. G. Ballard (18)
6. *Stones at Midnight*, Anne Chisholm (18)
7. *The House of the Living Dead*, Stephen King (18)
8. *After the Fall*, Jerry Spinelli (18)
9. *The Death of a President*, John G. Barry (17)
10. *Michael Ondaatje*, Michael Ondaatje (16)

NONFICTION

1. *Beast*, Ian Athol, David Ford (22)
2. *Beast*, Ian Athol, David Ford (22)
3. *Beast*, Ian Athol, David Ford (22)
4. *Beast*, Ian Athol, David Ford (22)
5. *Beast*, Ian Athol, David Ford (22)
6. *Beast*, Ian Athol, David Ford (22)
7. *Beast*, Ian Athol, David Ford (22)
8. *Beast*, Ian Athol, David Ford (22)
9. *Beast*, Ian Athol, David Ford (22)
10. *Beast*, Ian Athol, David Ford (22)

(*) Photo list only. Complete list on page 10

Undone in Umbria

Following on the success of his acclaimed books *Straw Hat* and *Straw Hat*, British novelist Barry Hearn has written *After the Fall*. Set in the beautiful Italian region of Umbria—where the author now lives—it tells the tale of a group of emigrants from abroad who are all lost by the great discovery of the book.

Passages

DIED: Former socialist prime minister of Jamaica Michael Manley, 73, of prostate cancer, at his home in Kingston, Jamaica. Manley served with the Royal Canadian Air Force during the Second World War before earning a degree from the London School of Economics. He became engaged in domestic politics upon his return to Jamaica. During his first two terms as prime minister in the 1970s, he often denounced the evils of capitalism and capitalism while forging close ties with Cuban leader Fidel Castro. When he returned to office in 1989, Manley boldly touted the merits of foreign investment and the benefits of close ties to the United States.

DIED: Guyanese president Cuthbert Jones, 78, in a Washington hospital. Following a heart attack, Jones first served power in the relatively short-lived republic of Guyana in 1953. He was ousted from office later that same year when Britain suspended Guyana's constitution and sent troops there under pressure from the U.S. government, which feared the colony would become a beachhead for communism in South America. Jones was re-elected in 1982 as Guyana's first internationally monitored elections.

SETTLING: A claim of wrongful arrest by Sylvia McNamara, 44, a Kensington Palace maid for more years to *Queen Victoria* in London, only minutes before the start of an industrial tribunal hearing to resolve the dispute.

LOST: An attempt by the renowned jazz band leader Art Blakey, 85, to attract 35 per cent of the profits from Canadian filmmaker Brigitte Berman's 1996 Oscar-winning documentary *Art Blakey: One of a Kind* in the U.S. to raise money for the film has yet to raise money.

CHANGED: Equine gold medalist Norman Elder, 57, with sexual assault, by Toronto police. According to the 23-year-old male complainant, the assault occurred 17 years ago in stable owned by Elder.

AWARDED: The Earl Grey Award, for lifetime achievement in Canadian television at the 11th annual Gemini Awards in Toronto, to Canadian actor, writer and director Gordon Pinsent, 55.

Hospitals under the knife

At Wellesley General Hospital, the mood is grim, as bleak as the future prospects of many of the inner-city patients the venerable Toronto institution serves. Doctors, nurses, staff and a few patients have just finished watching Dr. Duncan Sinclair, chairman of the Ontario Health Services Restructuring Commission, announce on television what is likely to amount to a death sentence for the hospital. "I'm shocked, resentful," mutters Wellesley's chief of staff, Dr. Philip Berger, as he was absorbing the news that Sinclair's commission wants to shut down an institution that has been a fixture in the city's downtown core for the past 85 years. "He says he's acting on behalf of our children and grandchildren," Berger complains. "Well, he's clearly not thinking of the children and grandchildren of Wellesley's kind of people—all those single mothers and working women, the guys and lesbians, the drug addicts, inner-city, First Nations, the poor and the homeless."

Berger was not the only Toronto doctor grumbling about last week. There were plenty of similar voices raised in protest as Sinclair's restructuring commission, after ordering the closure or mergers of 34

hospitals elsewhere in the province, finally turned its attention to the 39 publicly funded hospitals scattered across Metropolitan Toronto. In a long-awaited report, the commission found Metro Toronto's \$3-billion hospital system to be riddled with duplicated services, excess capacity, aging buildings and an unduly high concentration of services in the downtown core. To remedy the situation, it proposed radical surgery—the outright closure of 30 hospitals, the transformation of two others into outpatient clinics, and the merger, modification or consolidation of programs it virtually erases remaining institutions in the system. Few of the 54,000 employees are likely to remain untouched by the proposed changes. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of jobs may be eliminated outright. "There will be some difficult times ahead," acknowledged Sinclair, a former dean of medicine at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., as he entered the commission's final stage. "But if we don't act to restructure and save our health services today, they won't be available tomorrow."

Money, or rather the lack of it, is the central problem. Like many other provinces in the country, Ontario is saddled with the unenviable reality that it can no longer maintain hospitals while the

actual beds in those institutions continue to disappear because of budget cutbacks. As of last March, there were 6,173 acute-care beds in Metro Toronto's hospital system compared with roughly 13,000 a decade earlier. Across Ontario, 8,000 beds have vanished, the equivalent of 30 medium-sized hospitals. Yet during the same time, not a single hospital has closed in the Toronto area or, for that matter, in the whole province. "The beds are gone," Ontario Health Minister Jim Wilson said last week. "The wards are empty. But the administration is still there."

They're spending millions to maintain half-empty buildings. Several other provincial jurisdictions have already reached similar conclusions. Saskatchewan, which once boasted the country's highest ratio of hospital beds per capita (4.63 for every 1,000 people), was among the first to embark on a comprehensive program of hospital closures. In the past 25 years, 33 rural



Sinclair: "There will be difficult times ahead."

hospitals have been shut down and converted into health centres by Premier Roy Romanow's government. In the fall of 1999, the 180-bed Plains Health Centre in Regina, the nearest of the provincial capitals to three acute-care hospitals, will close. Next door in Alberta, three hospitals have been shut down by Premier Ralph Klein's government and a fourth—the 400-bed Bow Valley Centre—is scheduled for closure next month. Manitoba is gradually turning the 224-bed Muscardine Hospital in Winnipeg into a community health centre. Newfoundland is scheduled to close two hospitals by 1999.

In a province in which is now hospital in Ontario, hospital services and health-care delivery systems in neighbouring Quebec underwent a dramatic reorganization last April when Premier Lucien Bouchard's government launched what it described as a "major consolidation"—a turn away from traditional hospital care towards ambulatory or home care. The aim of the merger is to reduce the length of hospital stays and increase the use of day surgery. The goal is to close seven of the province's 121 hospitals and 4,000 of its 23,000 hospital beds by 1998. In line with this program, six Montreal hospitals—two English and four French—have already closed or are in the process of closing, and a dozen more across the province have been or will be transferred into long-term psychiatric centres and stripped of most of their specialty services, complete with staff and equipment.

Incidentally, perhaps, language has become an issue in both Quebec and just across the Ottawa River in the nation's capital. Sections of Montreal's anglophone community view the closure of two of the city's English hospitals as another act of vengeance by the separatist Parti Québécois government. Merging that is the current white-hot controversy surrounding the Sinclair commission's decision

The working unit at Women's College Hospital: medical innovator

to recommend the closure of Queen's Mother's Block, the only entirely French-speaking hospital in Ontario.

Some ground a recently forged, east-west alliance with nearby Wellesley General Hospital, which is also slated for closing. Officials at Women's College say the much larger Sunnybrook—1,204 beds—is too far away from its core of 4,000 patients, and that it lacks capacity for women's health concerns. And, Women's College vice-president Eleanor Ross, a former nurse, said that program is the 24-hour sexual assault centre, which is to be moved to the emergency department of the huge Toronto Hospital, will suffer. "Ours is a nurse-run, nurturing approach," she says. "At Toronto, it's I-112, 911. That's not what an assaulted woman needs."

A forced move, administrators say, will fatally undermine the expertise that, recently permitted the Ontario Organization to designate Women's College an international research partner in women's health—the only such institution in the Western Hemisphere. Women's College is also infeasible as a medical innovator, says chief operating officer Patricia Campbell. In 1994, for example, Women's College established a clinic for the prevention and treatment of osteoporosis, a crippling bone disease that affects many more women than men, and in 1996, a cardiac rehabilitation centre geared to the needs of female heart patients. "We help women with problems that are chronic and debilitating, but not necessarily life-threatening," Campbell says. "I don't think there is anybody else who is going to do it."

PATRICIA CHISHOLM

Closing time: Ontario is following in the footsteps of other provinces.

BY BARRY CAHILL

Too many empty beds are forcing change



A battle to the bitter end

Kay Hicks could barely contain her anger. Like thousands of other women, she was furious over last week's recommendation that Women's College Hospital in downtown Toronto should merge most of its programs to Sunnybrook Health Sciences Centre in suburban North York and close its doors by 1999 at the latest. Hicks, a retired teacher, became a patient at Women's College eight years ago when she was treated there for a crippling form of arthritis. Since then, she has also endured breast cancer and been cared for at several Toronto facilities. "I learned a lot about other hospitals in this city and just how good Women's College is," she recalls. Her experience led her to become an activist for the hospital, which she says provides a highly personalized approach to women's health care. "I'm applied at this closure," she says. "I should be thank what will happen to things like the breast program, which sees 8,000 women a year."

Staff members at the small, 167-bed hospital seemed equally shaken—and vowed to fight the government plan. Hospital administrators were particularly incensed that the panel making the recommendations

time. When the restructuring commission announced the recommendations late in February, it immediately ignited a series of demonstrations. Protest, none of it assuaged by the fact that it took four days for the commission to produce a French translation of the decision. Prime Minister Jean Chretien and Bouchard have been driven into the fray, with Chretien expressing his "disappointment" at the move and Bouchard warning of an "irreparable rupture" that could also drive the "fundamental question of linguistic rights" in Canada. Both Chretien and Bouchard personally asked Ontario Premier Mike Harris to intervene. Harris, in response, dismissed both requests, describing Chretien's move as being motivated by "election politics" and Bouchard's by "his separatist conviction." As for commission chairman, Sinclair, he vowed to remain aloof. "If we were to allow such political issues to influence our decisions," he coolly stated in the midst of the Montclair controversy, "then that would be the purpose of having a commission in the first place!"

Despite such remarks, some observers note that Sinclair well understands the political game. "His entire report on Ontario Toronto is very polite in the way it handles certain controversies," maintained Georgia Fellberg, director of York University's Centre for Health Studies. The most glaring message, critics say, is the commission's delicate handling of the politically powerful concentration of hospitals in and around the city's University Avenue. While wholesale closures and mergers are proposed elsewhere, Mount Sinai, Princess Margaret and the Toronto Hospital are more likely to join the University of Toronto in establishing a new University Avenue Hospitals Trust. Force to search for ways to consolidate programs and services. The Hospital for Sick Children, perhaps the best-known of the University Avenue institutions, has been earmarked to lead a new Child Health Network to coordinate the organization of neonatal and pediatric services. No matter what the politics, the Sinclair commission has already accomplished one profound goal: to bring its care in Toronto—and throughout the province—stands on the brink of drastic change. □

X. Post your opinion on hospital closings in the 73rd section of the Maclean's Forum (www.cmc.ca/macforum)

HOSPITAL CLOSURES BY PROVINCE

BRITISH COLUMBIA: one community hospital closed
ALBERTA: three hospitals closed, another closing in April
SASKATCHEWAN: 53 rural hospitals converted to community health centres, one Regina hospital to close in 1998
MANITOBA: no closures yet, but one Winnipeg hospital is

in the process of becoming a community health centre
ONTARIO: 24 hospitals announced so far, with more to come
QUEBEC: seven hospitals to close by 1998
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW SCOTIA and Prince Edward Island: no closures
NEWFOUNDLAND: two hospitals to close by 1999

Alberta's health-care blues

They have often been described as the frontline workers of the health-care system. Last week in Alberta, nurses also seemed ready to take to the barricades. After 13 months of contract talks, preceded by wage setbacks of more than five per cent in 1994, the 13,000 member United Nurses of Alberta voted 85 per cent in favor of strike action—a week before Albertans went to the polls on March 11. Much more than wages were at stake, underlying the strike vote was unhappiness with health cuts that have seen hospital budgets and staff reduced. Staffing levels have been inadequate, according to many nurses, especially because hospital bed closures often mean that only more serious cases were being admitted. With the prospect of powercoast health-care disruptions looming over the final week of Alberta's election campaign, nurses and regional health authorities finally reached a tentative settlement that includes more than seven per cent in wage increases over two years as well as what many nurses say is even more important: staffing levels.

Local union official with eight years' nursing experience, called the settlement a step in the right direction. "I'm pleased with it," she said. "In terms of professional issues, it's a gain for us."

But concern about the health care system remains. The health budget, which stood at \$4.1 billion in 1992-1993, was reduced by more than \$900 million in three years. As critics complained that the cuts went too far, too fast—cutting bed shortages and long waiting lists—a strike by hospital laundry workers in the fall of 1995 galvanised public concern about the system. Although the governing Tories went into this week's election with the support of roughly two-thirds of decided voters, an Angus Reid poll conducted in the days before the nurse settlement found that 65 per cent considered health care to be the most important issue facing the province.

Premier Ralph Klein has argued that spending cuts and restructuring were essential because health cuts were spiralling out of control. But soon after the 1995 strike, he cancelled some cuts. And last fall—as it became clear that the government's budget surplus was approaching \$2 billion—the Tories announced a major reinvestment package, including plans to hire 1,000 nurses and other frontline personnel. The health budget for the 1997-1998 fiscal year is now only \$150 million lower than it was before budget-cutting began—and will be fully restored in two years. With that, Health Minister Helen Jensen said that in the fall, "we expect the problems to be solved."

Even as fans are being pulled back into the system, the Calgary Regional Health Authority is expected to proceed with plans announced in 1994 to close one of Calgary's two principal hospitals, the Bow Valley Centre (two smaller Calgary hospitals have already been closed). Meanwhile, local health authorities elsewhere have closed one acute-care hospital (in Edmonton) and reformed 16 others into long-term care facilities or community health centres. Even with reduced funding, Alberta's health system has changed. The challenge for the next government will be to restore public confidence.

MARY MCKINTEY in Calgary

All in the family

It was a telling but common observation for Canada's political opposition—and the most popular federal party in Quebec. When the not-Bloc Québécois leadership hospitals appeared on Radio-Canada's 24-hour news channel last week, the co-operation and interview session proved to be much like the race itself—unconvincing. Clattered in a smattering in the studio, the four men and two women took turns bashing the federal government, avoiding taking anyone at each other, and generally agreeing on key Bloc issues, such as a partnership arrangement between Canada and a sovereign Quebec. In fact, some opposing leader Michel Gauthier announced he would resign from the job in December if the campaign to replace him has generated mostly yawns.



Despite "we are ready like we have never been before"

The Bloc Québécois tries to generate some leadership heat

This may, in part, be due to the perception that front-runner Gilles Duceppe is a show-in-it-all. "The question is not whether he'll win, it's how," says Jean-Marc Lévesque, president of the Montclair-based polling firm Groupe Lévesque & Lévesque, "but if he'll do it on the first try." Regardless of who announced the winner when the next elections are called on March 15 at the party's leadership convention in Montreal, the challenge says the same: how to remain relevant at a time when the BQ's broad and bitter—Quebec-dependence—has eroded from the national stage. "Maybe it has less of a mandate because this is not a big time for constitutional issues," notes Lévesque. But he maintains that the party

continues to be in a strong position because there is no other alternative to the federal Liberal party and the constitutional audience. "It fills the vacuum in the political situation in Quebec."

In fact, in spite of the lack of attention to the leadership race, the Bloc remains popular in Quebec. A recent Lévesque & Lévesque poll showed 44.8 per cent of decided voters favored the BQ, compared with 40.9 per cent for the Liberals and 30.1 for the Tories. But Duceppe also acknowledges that the party has some work ahead of it. "We have to be more visible," he told Maclean's. Bilingual, and a frequent and effective presence in the House of Commons, he is the party's best-known candidate in English Canada. But when the Bloc Québécois leadership last became vacant—in January, 1995,



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when party founder Bouchard left Ottawa for Québec City—the prospect of Dupeyron's future elevation as leader seemed very remote. Although he ran against Gauthier, Dupeyron was viewed by some of his caucus colleagues as too authoritarian for the job. This time out, though, the 49-year-old Bloc house leader, enjoying the support of 33 party MPs, quickly emerged as the front runner over fellow Bloc MPs François Lévesque and Pierrette Venne. Bloc policy adviser Daniel Tardif, and Rodrigue Biron and Yves Dubuc, two former Parti Québécois cabinet ministers.

Although Dupeyron insists he has always been a team player, he still has his critics. "He's an intrinsically shy," says former Bloc MP François Gervais, who calls Dupeyron difficult to work with. Gervais supports Dupeyron, a bilingual businessman who held several PQ cabinet positions under René Lévesque. With the support of Montreal's *Le Devoir* newspaper and 16 Bloc MPs, Dupeyron, 52, appears to be Dupeyron's closest competition. He may also prove to be a thorn in Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's side, vowing to carry the Bloc Québécois banner in Chrétien's riding of St-Jean in the next federal election campaign.

Dupeyron is widely perceived as Bouchard's pick for the job. "That can be both a blessing and a curse. Gauthier was dogged throughout his leadership by the perception that he modeled in Bouchard's shadow. One thing is sure, I'm not a yes-man," Dupeyron maintains. But others dispute the Bloc's ability to portray itself as independent, and some question his record. "The Bloc is now a branch plant of the Parti Québécois," says Lapierre, who does not think this situation poses a problem for the party.

In fact, branch plants are often successful. In the coming federal election, expected to be called for June, PQ members can likely say that the party, which currently holds 53 of the 75 seats in Québec, will again carry the province. In fact, Gervais notes, Québecers do not even care who leads the party—"What they like about the Bloc is the protest movement that it embodies." Others, though, note that the rise is likely to be fleeting, with the federal Liberals, having lost a resurgence in Québec. "It's a fairly competitive battle," says Daniel Bricker, senior vice-president at the polling firm Angus Reid Group, of the impending BQ Liberal fight. But, Dupeyron insists, "we are ready like we have never been before." For the moment, though, the Bloc faces a more pressing task: choosing a new leader—and generating some excitement.

FREDDA BRUNSWELL in Montreal

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A nation in chaos

Rebel Albanians seize control in the south to challenge a strongman

Albanian army soldiers manning checkpoints along the route to the southern port city of Vlorë looked incredulous as they told a group of journalists not to continue through a dangerous road pass. "Watch! Weapons across those hills," the soldiers warned. "Everyone has arms." Beyond a stretch of no man's land, automatic rifle fire echoed through the valley. Gunmen had taken up positions on the high ground along the road to Vlorë, once dubbed "Rebel City," since armed civilians wrested it from government control just days earlier. The hillside guards were usually only the army's and the white flag-bearer from their vehicle's window. "Who are you?" they demanded, their guns pointed. "Are you with Berisha?" shouted one. When finally convinced the journalists had no ties to the government of President Sali Berisha, the gunmen broke into smiles. "We are welcome," they said, dropping their automatic rifles to their sides. "You will have no problems here. We are not crazy rebels, we are people fighting together against a dictatorship." A week earlier, the government was struggling to contain demands for a new election against the Albanian government that now, the tiny Balkan nation, which emerged from Stalinist isolation at the beginning of the decade, was on the brink of civil war. Seven weeks of protests over the collapse of fraudulent pyramid investment schemes had mushroomed into armed rebellion. The south of the country rose in a state of anarchy, its local leadership driven out by armed mobs. By the city's end, more than 30 people had been killed and scores had been injured by stray bullets, police brutality and mob beatings of suspected agents of the SHK state security force.

Many residents first took to the streets in mid-January, along with people throughout poverty-stricken Albania. More than 500,000 among the country's 3.4 million inhabitants had invested about \$2.7 billion in the doomed pyramids. Thousands lost their life savings. Demonstrators were furious that the government had failed to regulate the schemes—and even benefited from them politically. At first, people just wanted their money back. But that changed when the conservative Berisha continued to ignore their grievances, calling the opposition "terrorists"—meaning Communists left over from the days of Stalinist leader Enver Hoxha—who were capitalizing the crisis. When he took office in 1992, Berisha assembled a loyal police guard, mostly men from his northern home town of Tirana, to wage war against opposition politicians and journalists. The retrained SHK officers appeared for more law and order than they did the country's regular army. When Berisha sent SHK officers to rehabilitate demonstrators last month, the people began their resignation. In Vlorë, a city that had been a center for an unending illegal arms-



Berisha (left): Vlorë's citizens rebelled about into the air. They are fighting together against a dictatorship.

gangs and drugs to Italy, the crackdowns provoked a violent response. Locals bought real police, set fire to city hall and forced government officials to flee. When a ransom spread that SHK officers intended to break up a student hunger strike at Vlorë's university, rebels raided the security service's local headquarters, killing six officers. Others cracked open the nearby military barracks and stole out the armory. Nearly everyone, it seemed, was carrying a gun in Vlorë last week. By day, mobs gathered in their homes. At night, armed gangs roamed the streets as the sky lit up with tracer bullets. There was a constant fear of machine-gun fire.

The complete collapse of law and order in Vlorë and other towns in the south prompted Berisha to declare a state of emergency—which at turn allowed him to legitimate a crackdown against his political opponents. The draconian measure drew more than 100,000 people to walk together and challenge all journalists to submit their articles to government censors before publication. (This report, sent electronically from southern Albania, was not subject to censorship.) The army was given orders to kill orders in the south, while Berisha's loyal police force stepped up its growing reign of terror. Early on, 28 government agents massacred the officers of Albania's largest daily newspaper and set fire to the building housing a rented fire-fighters' computer equipment donated by billionaire George Soros's foundation. "I expected I would be harassed. I thought I might be arrested, but I never expected this," said editors chief Irena Ilisku. Her staff moved for protection into Buleia in the capital, as did foreign war services. Some activists fled the country. Others appealed to foreign



embassies for asylum or went into hiding. And almost everyone stayed indoors under a 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. curfew. Berisha, meanwhile, had himself re-elected to second term or term by his rubber stamp parliament, the assembly, replacing the government, the head of the army and other key figures with his own hard-core legions.

SHK, Berisha's crackdowns and consolidation of power appeared in defiance to quell the unrest. Instead, his tactics, mostly riotous Chinese rifles, took up positions in the south as they could ramble, but did not fire. Two fighter pilots ordered an order to attack Vlorë and flew their MiG-15 to Italy where they reported political asylum.

newly acquired weapon. "The most go," said an alleged incident of Vlorë armed look. "And if the desert?" Well, you see these two bullets, they are reserved for him," then if Berisha were to surprise political analysts and news, from the rebels that has been based in the south would continue unabated. If a new government were to take over—and none is in the wings—it would be able to give people their money back. And until someone can, the anger that has thrust Albanians into armed rebellion will not be easily soothed.

STACY SULLIVAN in Vlorë

Pyramids of doom

Albania's elaborate pyramid schemes, whose collapse has sparked an angry uprising, once looked like a way out of poverty in a country where the average worker makes just \$110 a month. The new major funds, disguised as investment firms or charitable foundations, promised investors astronomical returns of 30 percent to 60 percent a month. At first, Albanians, who had been isolated for decades by their hardline Communist rulers, were suspicious. But as tales of instant wealth spread, more and more people succumbed to unfathomable capitalist ways. "I know it sounds strange," says Giovanni Harris, a 28-year-old Albanian businessman, "but people would hear from their neighbors that they invested \$500 and got back \$1,000. So they did it, too."



The funds touted supposed investments in tourism, eggs, salt mines and supermarkets. In reality, financial experts believe, the schemes were exercises in laundering money, and smuggling weapons and fuel across Lake Shkoder to neighboring Yugoslavia during the last years of U.S. sanctions that ended in 1996. "It was clean," says Giovanni Harris, a 28-year-old Albanian businessman, "but it was dirty." Berisha's representatives in Albania, "that no legitimate business could flourish as a high rate of return." As the funds' value grew to more than \$2 billion, foreign banking officials warned the government that the schemes would collapse when the cash stopped flowing in and investors could no longer be paid off. But with parliamentary elections set for May, authorities apparently feared that taking regulatory action against the funds would be politically dangerous. As it turned out, not being action was a disaster.

The Clinton cash machine

ANDREW PHILLIPS
IN WASHINGTON

I can't think I can't not. I can't do anything but go to fund-raiser and shake hands. I can't focus on a thing but the next fund-raiser. Hillary can't. At one time I'm all getting sick and crazy because of it.

—President Bill Clinton, speech in front of the Oval Office, by Dick Morris

Dick Morris was Bill Clinton's necessary evil, his devil in a blue suit. When the President was his political master plotting the Republican sweep of the U.S. Congress in 1994, he called this old friend Morris into the White House to mastermind his comeback. Never mind that Morris's political instincts were questionable (he worked for Democrats and Republicans alike, and for equity) and his personal morals were execrable (he was forced to quit last August when a tabloid revealed his affair with a 20-year-old prostitute). He had worked out a formula to save Clinton by flooding the airwaves with political advertising for more than a year before November's presidential election. That strategy came with a high price—both in money and in the President's time as the Democrats' most powerful magnet for attracting the tens of millions of dollars needed to keep the ads running. Clinton's pliant lieutenant about the Reagan era, Les Winkler, and Vice President Al Gore would be revealing under any circumstances. Last week, with new revelations about the Democrats' fund-raising machine coming thick and fast, it was especially telling.

The problem for the Democrats is that they were too successful for their own good. Morris's strategy required so much money—\$118 million for his TV ad campaign alone—that fund-raisers were under tremendous pressure to produce. By their own admission, Democrats accepted many dubious contributions. Gore, as documented last week in *The Washington Post* by Bob Woodward, whose reporting on the Watergate scandal in the 1970s helped to bring down president Richard Nixon, was the Democrats' "volunteer" in an unusual role for an



Chung (above left) with the Clintons in 1994. Winkler (left) probe



Charges fly over campaign fund-raising

acorn-bored neo-president. Gore personally mailed the phones to seek money from wealthy donors. More controversial, he placed the calls from his office in the White House—a possible violation of federal law. Hillary Rodham Clinton's office was also charged directly into the spending scandal. Her chief of staff, Margaret Williams, acknowledged that she accepted a \$50,000 (U.S.) cheque from a donor in the White House in 1995—another potential violation. More questionable still, the cheque was from a Taiwanese-American businessman, Johnny Chang, who two days later brought the Clinton officials into the White House to have their photographs taken with Clinton.

All of that followed the release of documents showing that Clinton himself took a direct, personal role in raising money—the kind of excessive activity that, by Morris's account, eventually left him feeling "sick and crazy." He quit last week at a news conference—inviting Gore and Williams, calling upon for release of U.S. laws governing campaign finance, saying he was "lived and learned" to discover that the Democrats had not adequately checked where contributions were coming from, and denying that his administration had changed any policies to serve the interests of his party's patron.

"I don't believe you can find any evidence of the fact that I had changed government policy solely because of a contribution," he said. Clinton's fund-raising ways may not meet the acute claims by House Speaker Newt Gingrich, who labelled them a scandal "big enough to watergate." But they have taken on a life of their own. No longer than the unscrupulous are already under way in Washington. The police department is looking into allegations that campaign laws were broken. The FBI is investigating claims that the Clinton government may have tried to buy influence in the White House and Congress by funneling money to the Democrats through Asian-American companies and front organizations. In both issues of Clinton, where Republicans are in the majority, politicians are now striving to find best advantage out of the situation. Two Senate committees and

one committee of the House of Representatives also have to look into Clinton's fundraising. That alone will keep the controversy in the public eye for many weeks to come.

The revelations so far raise at least three main issues. The first is the simple propriety of collecting such vast amounts of money to fuel the American political machine. Both Democrats and Republicans raised more cash than ever before for their 1996 campaigns. Much of that was in so-called soft money—funds raised for parties rather than individual candidates. There is no limit on how much soft money a party can collect, and the Republicans were better at it than the Democrats, pulling in nearly \$200 million compared with \$105 million for their rivals. Both parties can trace to such cash funds from wealthy donors even as the Democrats' fundraising scandal unfolds. In late February, for example, Republican leaders held a session for rich patrons at a luxury resort in Palm Beach, Fla., where Senator Majority Leader Trent Lott described political donations of \$100,000 or more as "the American way." But many critics of the system, that kind of ostentatious trading of vast amounts of

money for access to top politicians is the true scandal—that it is entirely legal.

Much of Clinton's activity lately has been through Under Morris's collection strategy he enlisted people to pay access to him and Gore to reward wealthy donors. Documents given to congressional investigators by Harold Ickes, who was forced out of his job as the deputy chief of staff to the President in January, show Clinton enthusiastically endorsing proposals to offer coffee meetings, jogging or even rounds of golf with him if the donation was big enough. "Get other names at 100,000 or more, \$50,000 or more," he scribbled on a memo suggesting such an arrangement. Ickes, he added, "Ready to start on tonight right away." That led to the parade of wealthy donors in the limousine limo. Rodham and other parts of the White House residence—a total of \$28 during his first term, many of them wealthy donors who gave some ranging up to \$250,000 to the Democrats. Clinton insists there was never a direct link between giving money and sleeping at the White House. So far at least, the practice appears to be legal—though not necessarily laudable.

The second issue is whether any laws were broken. Gore denied his calls from the White House by saying that he made them on a credit card issued by his campaign organization. And in a phrase that is somewhat stridently polite as an example of largely self-censorship, he said there was "his connecting back as a volunteer" to establish that what he did was not the law. In Clinton's case, he held his coffee sessions with supporters at the White House residence—so he would not break rules saying that federal officials cannot be used for partisan political purposes.

But the most explosive issue may be whether donors actually sought to exploit the Democrats' eagerness for cash. The party has returned \$4.1 million in improper contributions—and three quarters of that money came from three men with ties to the Arkansas governor, Johnny Chang, John Huang and Charles Yuh Lin Chang, who handed the controversial \$50,000 cheque to Hillary Clinton's senior aide, visited the White House 51 times and has sought to turn his access to commercial advantage in Taiwan and China. That may be nothing more than an extension into Washington of the old Chinese practice of acquiring power (connections) wherever possible. In a memo made public last week a White House official described Chang as a "bustler" and only for his own earthly means. What investigators want to know is whether he is part of something more sinister: an effort by the Chinese government to use its investments to gain the highest levels of U.S. politics by exploiting Clinton's money lust. □

Scandal watch

Besides the campaign-funding uproar, President Bill Clinton has faced four other major scandals since he first took office in 1993. Updates on their status.

WHITEWATER

The probe into Bill and Hillary Clinton's real-estate and other deals in Arkansas has dragged on for four years, to little effect. But special prosecutor Kenneth Starr, who last month was ready to leave the job, has stepped on the case and insists that charges are still possible.

PAULA JONES

The U.S. Supreme Court is considering whether Jones should be allowed to pursue her sexual harassment suit against Clinton while he is serving as president. She claims he propositioned her—while exposing himself—in a hotel room when he was Arkansas governor. A decision is expected by June.

TRAVELGATE

Presidential Starr has investigated Hillary Clinton's role in the firing of seven White House travel office employees in May, 1993, but although she indirectly lost about it was an oral formal statement, on charges are likely.

FLIGHTGATE

The controversy over confidential FBI files on Republicans suspected to be White House security men leaked out last week. Investigators found evidence that any senior officials were involved.

Mike's Picks

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By Bruce Wallace

The British ties that still bind

Last November, just in time for the Christmas rush, *The Daily Telegraph* issued a modest paperback called *The Book of Canadian Obituaries*. "A book on Canadian obituaries?" says a puzzled but clearly amused clerk in one of London's biggest bookstores when asked for a copy. "Yes, indeed." One does, and the main reason is that the proprietor of *The Daily Telegraph* in Canada, Conrad Black, who noted in the forward to the collection that he wanted to "make a contribution to the vibrant and historic cause of close and good Anglo-Canadian relations." So the *Telegraph* topped its last decade of colorful obituaries and came up with 10 Canadian ones, a cast that ranges from Col (Jackie) Watson to Harold Ballard and René Lévesque. It has not, incidentally become a best-seller.

But judging by the book's heavy weighting towards soldiers, the special Anglo-Canadian spirit that Black wants to celebrate is very much founded on the shared sacrifice of war—especially the early months of the Second World War when Canada and Britain stood alone in the Northern hemisphere against the Nazis. Older than a third of the entries are military men, so British readers can be excited for thinking Canada is a warrior nation of Prussian proportions.) Canadians were more than mere allies of the British. They were extended family, fighting to defend a brotherhood of values and, in many cases, the homes and lives of friends, business partners and old schoolmates. The Canada War Memorial in Green Park next to Buckingham Palace is the only monument to any nation in the Royal Parks. The Queen visited it there. And 80 Canadians have won the Victoria Cross, Britain's highest military honor for courage.

Only two VCs survive. The generation that fought the war is passing, and whether the bond born of war will outlive them is debatable. More than half a century later, Canada has a prime minister who is fond of referring to the philosophy of the one-eighth of the Pacific Ocean and the widening of the Atlantic.

Meanwhile, the British have cast their economic lot—of not their hearts—with their European neighbors. It's getting tougher to play the old Commonwealth card for special treatment as Roy MacLaren, Canada's high commissioner in London, found out when he suggested in a review of the *Telegraph* book that British newspapers run more obituaries of Canadians than of Americans. "Bureaucrats," roared *The Sunday Times*, claiming that MacLaren's "views were, very well here but not as well as in Canada." (Strike two on MacLaren.)

There are, of course, Canadians whose presence is deeply felt. Black remains the most prominent and politically influential Canadian expat. The Weston family are quietly, albeit perennially, among the top five richest Britons. Edmonton native Patrick Cox is probably the country's hottest show designer. Londoners think Toronto impresario Ed and David Murawski for mounting the venerable Old Vic theatre and, more cautiously, the Rinkmanns for altering the London skyline with Canary Wharf.

"We now have a good, healthy relationship of equals," says Sir Colin Stace, chief chairman of the British Canadian Parliamentary Group. "If Canada doesn't like the news here, it's because you are lucky enough not to have earthshaking problems." Nor is Canada about to become just another trading partner for Britain, sort of a bigger, less brassy Brazil.

"Sure the public is, especially in politics, are not what they once were," notes David Twiston Davies, editor of the obituary collection, who was born in Munster but has lived most of his life in Britain. "But the personal ties are still there. Go to any dinner party in Britain and eight of 10 people will have some connection to Canada—as aunt in Winnipeg or a son at school in B.C."

That may be why it's still easy to stoke the old emotional connection now and then, such as when the Canadian navy fired a little live ammunition at a rogue Spanish fishing trawler in the summer of 1995. Yes, the Brits took pleasure that it was the much-disputed Spanish getting poked. But they loved Brian Tobin's theatrical politics. And they thought Royce Frith, then the high commissioner in London, was a bit with his funky hair and slight eccentricities, sleeping down the Spanish behavior in interview after interview. The old Maple Leaf flag still flutters in British ports in solidarity from that summer. It's a reminder that it is a link forged in blood, so the obvious rhetoric can never be explained or sustained by a simple accounting of trade and investment. Numbers just don't do it. □

MacLaren defends his theory, arguing that "the market for Canadian obituaries is there—if you can speak of a market for obituaries." As the trade czar in town, he's not paid to accept that Canada's profile has sunk in Britain. "The Irish today are economic and they are stronger than they've ever been," he says, and tries to quantify it: \$16 billion in trade, two-way tourism up 20 per cent, Canadian authors selling more books in the U.K. than they do at home. (Unfortunately wrong, says Liz Calder of *Macmillan*, which publishes Margaret Atwood among other Canadians. "Atwood

does very, very well here but not as well as in Canada.")

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"Aquarius must be the most spectacular waterfront neighbourhood Vancouver has ever seen,"

Concord Pacific told me as their designer. Terrific, I said. They asked that even the smallest units at Aquarius have fabulous water views – while costing the same as condos without views. No problem, I said. They also insisted on a shopping district just steps away – all for the same price. I like a challenge, I said. Then they mentioned adding a health club, business centre, mini theatre and courtyard garden – without adding to the price. Gee, I said. As if that weren't enough, these waterfront homes had to have luxury finishes like granite countertops and gas cooktops – still for that same, competitive price.

"What do you want from me?" I finally asked.



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World NOTES

BUS BLAST IN BEIJING

A bomb blew up a bus in a Beijing shopping district during the Friday evening rush hour. While the official media reported no deaths, unofficial accounts said two people died and 30 were wounded—many with serious burns. The unprecedented attack on the Chinese capital came less than two weeks after three bombs went off in the western Xinjiang region where Muslim separatists are active.

A NEW FIGHT OVER NUKES

Germany mounted its largest security operation since the Second World War, this time to guard against its own nuclear trucks carrying nuclear waste. Loaded a dump near the northern town of Garleben. For days, German authorities bottled thousands of anti-nuclear protesters opened to action by a recent nuclear waste accident in France.

CAVEMAN'S DESCENDANT

British scientists used DNA testing to establish that a 10,000-year-old skeleton known as Cheddar Man to be a being relative—whose home is less than 10 miles from the caves where the bones were found in 1903. They had taken DNA samples from history teacher Adam Tinsley, 42, and 59 other people whose families had lived locally for generations.

REBEL GAINS IN ZAIRE

Tutsi-led rebels closed in on Kinshasa, the last government-held city in eastern Zaire, as UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan urged them to accept a five-point ceasefire plan. The rebels have met relatively little resistance in their advance as disgruntled Zairese soldiers left and abandoned each targeted town. A Belgade newspaper said the regime of Mobutu Sese Selo has bolstered its forces with hundreds of Croatian and Bosnian Serb mercenaries, paid \$4,000 a month.

ISRAEL PULLS BACK

Israel's cabinet narrowly approved a new pullback of troops in the West Bank under peace accords calling for a phased withdrawal. But Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat complained that the area amounted to only a third of what he expected. Soldiers will pull out of about one-third of rural West Bank land, Israel has already handed over an additional three per cent, including eight Arab cities.



Evacuees leave in Lebanon, Ky., after a massive earthquake in College Station, Ark.; disaster

The rage of nature

The televised images—dismantled houses, streets turned into rivers and Cincinnati's major-league baseball stadium surrounded by floodwaters—only partly captured the scope of the natural disaster. The Superstorm along portions of the Ohio and some of its tributaries had created, meaning that some communities could begin to contemplate the massive job of cleaning up and, in some cases, rebuilding. Early on, President Bill Clinton flew to his home state of Arkansas and visited the town of Arkadelphia, where downtown had been ripped to pieces by a tornado. Promising millions of dollars in federal aid, Clinton told the townfolk: "Nothing has affected me the way this has today."

Atoning for the past

After enduring intense pressure for more than a year from its Second World War allies, the Swiss government has finally yielded its critics by proposing a \$6.4-billion "solidarity fund" to aid victims of genocide, poverty, natural disasters and repression—including the Holocaust. This fund is "a breakthrough," said New York Senator Alfonse D'Amico, who is probing Swiss bank dealings with the Nazis and the failure of American banks to hand over frozen bank accounts to relatives of Holocaust victims. Canadian



former water treatment plants, and swamped thousands of acres for higher ground. By late last week, the Superstorm along portions of the Ohio and some of its tributaries had created, meaning that some communities could begin to contemplate the massive job of cleaning up and, in some cases, rebuilding. Early on, President Bill Clinton flew to his home state of Arkansas and visited the town of Arkadelphia, where downtown had been ripped to pieces by a tornado. Promising millions of dollars in federal aid, Clinton told the townfolk: "Nothing has affected me the way this has today."

billions, Edgar Bronfman, who heads the World Jewish Congress, called the move a victory for "truth and justice." The fund, suggested by Swiss Premier Arnold Koller, is to be financed by the sale of Swiss gold reserves. The announcement preceded a trip to the United States this week by Swiss Foreign Minister Flavio Cotti and a pending U.S. report on Swiss gold dealings that could force a review of a 1946 treaty with the Allies. The report is expected to say that Swiss banks returned only \$79 million of more than \$54.7 million in gold they stored or bought from the Nazis—just 15 per cent of the total.



The 1988 Chrysler Conquest, a streamlined silhouette and a Ferrari-like front grille



The next breed (interior): design guru Hal (left) and Jonathan Newark

Driven by design

Smart styling gives Chrysler a competitive edge

BY ROSS LAYER

As a small boy growing up in Ohio, Bob Bendure loved to draw pictures of cars. He scribbled them in the margins of his grade-school notebooks and on sheets of paper at his parents' kitchen table. He later photos of cars out of magazines, traced over them and added his own modifications: a sleeker hoodline here, a bared fender there, perhaps a reimagined front grille for that muscular, ready-to-charge look. He sketched cars in his spare time while earning a masters degree in psychology and, later, during a two-year stint as a shareholder modeler for a national law company. Finally, at 25, he also decided that job and applied to study design at Detroit's Center for Creative Studies—hoping one day to make a living doing what he had always done for fun.

Bendure not only got his wish, but today, nine years later, he can claim credit for one of the most talked-about new designs in the car industry, the second-generation Chrysler Intrepid. Unveiled in January at the North American International Auto Show in Detroit, the sporty 1998 Intrepid is an even more elegant cousin, the Conquest—both of which go into production in September at the firm's Bramm, Ore., assembly plant—drew immediate praise from industry

experts, journalists and rival manufacturers. "The new Chrysler are gorgeous," says Maryann Heller, a leading auto analyst and managing director of Futurus Seis Inc. in New York City. "I hope that their quality, engineering and ride is as nice as their appearance, because Chrysler continues to lead the industry in design."

Only a few years ago, any suggestion that Chrysler deserved praise for its design would have been met with disbelief—if not laughter. All through the 1970s and 1980s, a period when the firm twice slipped to the brink of bankruptcy, Chrysler factories turned out a succession of stout, boxy cars and trucks. Kept afloat by the popularity of its minivans, the company became synonymous with safe, solid engineering and solid, if not outstanding, quality, factors that contributed to a steady loss of market share. "The perception, especially with young people, is that we don't know how to build a quality car," former Chrysler chairman Lee Iacocca admitted in 1991.

The turnaround, when it came, was dramatic. In the fall of 1992, Chrysler introduced a new line of full-size car models—the LH models—the original Intrepid and Conquest, the Eagle Vision and the upscale New Yorker and LH5. The LH vehicles—industry wags joked that the designation stood for "last hope"—incorporated an innovative cab-forward design that has since become a corporate signature by shortening the front hood and pushing the wheels to



wider the corners, the designers created additional interior room without increasing the car's overall length. The new cars were also better built than their predecessors, although they still lag behind competing models such as the Toyota Camry and Honda Accord in surveys of quality and customer satisfaction.

It was Chrysler's good fortune to launch the LH cars just when the U.S. economy was beginning to catch fire. As sales rose and profits poured in, the company overhauled the rest of its lineup with a stylish new subcompact, the Neon, and an array of new midsize sedans and two-door coupes. On the truck side, Chrysler launched the highly successful Jeep Grand Cherokee, a redesigned Dodge Ram pickup—four times as popular as the great old wreath—and a re-engineered minivan with an optional driver's side sliding door, an industry first. This year there is also a redesigned midsize pickup, the Dakota, a new sport utility vehicle, the Dodge Durango, and an attention-grabbing \$45,900 two-door model

called on a 2000 red hot, the Plymouth Prowler. If Chrysler's recent financial performance proves anything, it's that, in their never-ending process with the car, many buyers will care as much about smart, adventurous designs as they do about quality. For three years running, the company has been the world's most profitable automaker on a per-vehicle basis. Its annual revenues are well half those of Ford and one-third those of General Motors, but analysts say that Chrysler's smaller size helps to keep it focused, nimble and quick.

Nowhere is that more obvious than in the speed and efficiency of its product-development operations. In the old days, it took Chrysler five years to go from concept to production of a new car. Its North American models typically more than four years to create a car from scratch. Ford spent six years and \$8 billion to develop the midsize Ford Contour and Mercury Mystique. In contrast, Chrysler built the Stratus and SE in 36 months to produce the 1998 Intrepid and Conquest and three companion models that will go on sale next year, the Eagle Vision, Chrysler LH5 and Chrysler LH6. The cost includes \$845 million for three new aluminum V-6 engines that will eventually be used in many of the company's other cars and trucks. Chrysler says the new engines are more powerful, more fuel efficient and produce fewer emissions than their cast-iron predecessors.

Chrysler's ability to develop the second-generation LH cars in such a short time owes much to the Japanese-inspired platform-design system. Instead of working in different departments, staff members from all key areas—design, engineering, manufacturing, marketing and finance—are brought together to work in teams. The system cuts down on unnecessary duplication and ensures that problems are solved early on, so late costs are not out of control. "The new Intrepid and Conquest are also the first cars at Chrysler to be designed entirely on computer. An advanced software system originally developed for the aviation industry ensures that all of those involved in the process, including outside suppliers, are kept abreast of the latest updates, saving time and money. "In effect, we build the car electronically," John Miller, Chrysler's general manager of large car engineering, said in an interview at the company's sprawling, \$1.4-billion technology center north of Detroit. "We never build mock-ups any more. It allows us to do things a lot faster and more accurately by mimicking every customer of space under the hood." In the past, Miller says, it sometimes took weeks to determine the full consequences of a change in modifications. "Now, if an engineer changes his part and there are five or six other parts that mate to it, the following morning every one of those people will know by looking at their computer screens whether that created an interference condition."

The most striking aspect of the 1998 redesign, however, is its dramatic styling, a marked contrast to the rather restrained, generic designs currently offered by most of the world's other major automakers. All the exterior and interior body panels are new, as are the instrument panels, seats, suspension and brakes. Although the new Intrepid is built on the same chassis as the current version, the passenger compartment and trunk are larger and the car looks lower and sleeker. Accra to the nose and is augmented with bigger rear openings, and the headlamps are more aggressive, being two weeks on current LHs—are larger and produce more light.

Chrysler's designers have also given the new models distinctive brand identities—an important consideration in marketing them to

BUSINESS

different demographic groups. The current Intrepid, Concorde and Vision are visually similar except for the front end and taillight designs, but their successors share virtually no exterior sheet metal except for the doors on the Concorde and Vision. Allowing for that degree of separation while staying within a tight budget required Chrysler's manufacturing engineers to rethink their assembly-line operations at the Brodway plant.

According to the company, the new system uses a single set of tooling that is capable of forming all several, differently styled body panels in quick succession. "In my 32 years in the business, I'd never seen that level of commonality between design and manufacturing," says John Horita, Chrysler's vice president of product design. In return for the increased flexibility, he says, the design team agreed to eliminate the plastic lower-body cladding that had previously been used to give each model a distinctly different appearance. The result is a line of vehicles that look more distinctive than their forebears.



■ Dodge Viper
■ Chrysler
■ GM concept
■ Plymouth
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while being lighter, cheaper and less complex to assemble.

In the case of the Intrepid, the design is sportier and more aggressive, with a sweeping roofline that gives what is essentially a four-door family sedan the look of a two-door coupe. "What lifts me in the stance of the vehicle—how the wheel relates to the body, the wedge of the car, the high rear deck and the low nose," says Horita. 31, who joined Chrysler 10 years ago after graduating from design school. "We went to great lengths to work the lines between the fender and the front pillar and up over the roof so it gives the impression of angle are. It's slippery without looking like a jelly bean—very purposeful."

His counterpart on the Concorde project, 40-year-old designer Mark Hall, had a different mission. On average, purchasers of the current-model Concorde are in their 30s, 40s and 50s. Chrysler wanted to lower that to the mid-20s while giving the car a more sophisticated image. "The rule of thumb is that you can sell an older person a young man's car, but you can't do it the other way around," Horita says. In addition, the company was hoping to attract aging baby boomers whose children have left home and who no longer need

the carrying capacity of a minivan or sport-utility truck. "One of our goals is to appeal to people who are perhaps moving out of minivans and want to get back into cars," Horita says. "My job is to make sure they don't feel like all the space is being taken away from them."

Hall, who designed jewelry before landing a job sculpting clay models for Chrysler 12 years ago, says the goal of attaching a younger demographic was "rolling around in the back of my head for a while" before he settled on the idea of trying to capture the flavor of some landmark European cars. "I was asking people about their favorite cars of all time—Ferrari, E-Type Jaguar, Aston-Martin. What I heard about those cars was that they are all very sculptural. That's I thought, wouldn't it be great if you could take some of the feel of those cars and put it on a four-door sedan. You'd have a car that was visually exciting but more practical than a sports car—something the common guy could own."

The car Hall came up with incorporates a streamlined silhouette, a tapered rear end and a low, wide front grille, similar to those on classic Ferraris. Like the Intrepid, the Concorde also fits doors that are stamped as a single unit to improve fit and finish and reduce wind noise, the current models use a separate, independent door frame that is tricky to assemble and prone to quality problems. Beneath the surface, there is a new aluminum rear-suspension brace and a rubber isolator for road subframe

fat is intended to reduce what car engineers call NVH—noise, vibration and harshness. "Our customers were telling us that the overall NVH of the current model is not where it should be with respect to the competition that is out there today," Miller says. "That led us to look at the basic architecture of the car, to figure out how we could redesign it to make it stiffer, better handling and quieter."

Whether that effort was a success will only be known when the first of Chrysler's new sedans hit the road next fall, with prices ranging from about \$22,000 to \$31,000, depending on options. At that bracket, they will face stiff competition: the Toyota Camry, the Honda Accord and the Ford

Taurus are all strong sellers, while GM is now revising its lineup with a range of new four-door sedans. On styling, however, the industry consensus is that Chrysler sets the pace. "Compared to the car it's replacing, the new Concorde is visually a lot tighter," Hall says. "There are a lot of many lines, moldings and extrusions parts." Horita says that his goal with the Intrepid was to "enhance the things that are good about the car and solve the problems." Judging by appearances, all those years spent sketching cars as a kid paid off handsomely. □



■ Dodge Viper
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The Bottom Line

Buy now, pay later

Q All global mergers and acquisitions are better in the eyes of investment bankers than the business of mergers and acquisitions.

Canada's booming resource sector is a particular success story in the global mergers and acquisitions. The world's largest natural resource company, Alcan, has acquired a \$2.75-billion bid for Inco Enterprises.

In the oil sector, where more than \$10 billion worth of M & A deals were completed last year alone, Gulf Canada Resources has just spent \$1.1 billion to acquire Clynne Petroleum PLC. Tesoro Energy is holding \$1.7 billion to buy Wisconsin Energy. And Northern Energy just signed a \$1.6-billion takeover of a \$1.6-billion takeover.

Many of these companies are themselves products of past mergers. And as they continue to build up their size, the impact of this program of consolidation becomes more significant. On the govt side, a corporate acquisition or merger, a corporate combination may look like a coup. But while it can be argued that in mature markets it makes sense to buy assets, resources or technology rather than starting from scratch, there are a host of hidden factors that can distort the real costs of a merger.

One of the most obvious dangers is that senior managers can become absorbed by the complexity and the subsequent challenge of joining two companies. Aside from the predictable headaches of integrating computer systems, eliminating duplication, reorganizing customers and suppliers, it can take years to successfully blend distinct corporate cultures.

That task is being complicated if the companies in question have a tradition of rivalry. In the ultra-competitive brokerage industry, for example, the merger of Morgan Thomson, owned by the Bank of Montreal with independent Toronto Fry created a powerful trading operation. Across the street,

the Royal Bank is still grappling with the integration of its own leaders with the more modest troops at BFC Dominion Securities. The Bank's acquisition of family-owned Richardson Greenleaf last year has further complicated the process.

Meanwhile, at Canadian Airlines International, a company formed by the merger of more than half a dozen different airlines, employees asked, identify themselves as veterans of Wardair or Canadian Pacific Airlines more than a decade after those airlines' deaths.

Mergers and acquisitions can pose other costly problems. A study at Texas A&M University shows that corporations with acquisition plans spend

less on research and development. Mergers and acquisitions usually create debt, and that upsets other project spending. It also tends to reduce corporate financial goals, rather than larger-scale strategic ones.

When it comes to entrepreneurial firms or technology ventures, corporate marriages are especially tricky. There's always the risk that imposing a different culture will crush the innovative spirit that made the target company attractive in the first place. Apple Computer declared rapidly in the late 1980s after founder Steve Jobs was ousted by new management, it remains to be seen whether its relationship with year-old revenue the share. Nevertheless, a marriage of World Perfect—which has since passed into the hands of Ottens Lindell Capital Corp.—and Bedford's acquisition of Ashton Tate are prime examples of ill-fated attempts to buy technology innovation.

There are also hidden costs for investors when companies merge or acquire. A study by researchers at Mexico's Ministry of North American companies that undertook M & A deals valued at \$275 million or more failed to generate shareholder returns equal to their industry average.

In short, buy now, pay later—but it's not always best.

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Business NOTES

EASTONS DUMP DIVIDEND

The Eaton family said it will give back a \$10-million dividend that it collected from its listing department alone over the last three months before the company obtained court protection from its creditors. Lawyers for Eastons said the retailer will also allow an accounting firm to probe all financial dealings among Eaton-owned firms.

SALARY CAP SHOT DOWN

Shareholders at the Royal Bank's annual meeting in Vancouver rejected a proposal to reduce the \$2.7 million paid last year to chairman and CEO John Cleghorn. Three other propositions put forward by Montreal activist Yves McGehee were also defeated.

FUEL DEAL FOR CANADIAN

The federal government and Canadian Airlines reached an agreement on fuel tax rebates to help revitalize the ailing airline. Under the deal, Canadian will exchange \$10 in tax losses for every dollar in rebates. Ottawa had proposed a 20-to-1 swap. The Calgary-based carrier is awaiting approval from creditors for a restructuring plan.

DESJARDINS DITCHES JOBS

The Movement des caisses Desjardins will cut more than 8,000 jobs—a fifth of its workforce—over three years to boost productivity. The announcement shocked unionized employees at Quebec's largest financial institution, who had expected no more than 2,000 jobs to be slashed.

SATELLITE SHOWDOWN

Shaw Communications Inc. of Calgary, Canada's second-largest cable TV operator, paid \$65 million for a 56-percent stake in one of its satellite TV competitors, Star Choice Television Network Inc. of Fredericton. Shaw will merge its Homestar satellite TV operation with Star Choice, which plans to launch its service on April 30.

CANWEST TARGETS WIC

CanWest Global Communications Corp. is strengthening its influence over real MCO Western International Communications Ltd. by expanding its share of non-voting WIC shares to 16 per cent from 9.7 per cent. "We hope to be consulted by WIC's management in their deliberations on WIC's future," a CanWest official said.

The Cuban pyjama crisis

Executives at Wal-Mart Canada Ltd. are losing sleep over Cuban-made pyjamas. The company's decision to pull the sleepwear from its shelves prompted complaints from state shops in Winnipeg, forcing the U.S. chain to go public with its decision. The 313 pyjamas vanished from Wal-Mart Canada 136 stores when executives became worried that the company might be breaking U.S. laws that prevent trade with Cuba, including the badly debated Helms-Burton Act.

But in its haste, Wal-Mart may have broken a Canadian law. The Foreign Investment Measures Act forbids companies in Canada from observing U.S. trade embargoes. No firm has ever been charged under the act, which carries a maximum fine of \$1.5 million.

By coincidence, the pyjama controversy blew up the same day Foreign Affairs Minister Lloyd Axworthy met U.S. Secretary of State



Axworthy, Albright a flap over reported sleepwear

Madeleine Albright to complain about Washington's anti-Cuba policies. U.S. officials applauded Wal-Mart's move, saying it represented a victory for Cuban democracy. Wal-Mart spokeswoman Ed Gould said the chain is seeking advice from lawyers and government officials on both sides of the border. "What do you do," he asked, "when you expose yourself to lawsuits on either side of the border?"

Plans for a McUnion

Henninger Dippers wants—that is the rallying cry from most of the employees at a McDonald's restaurant in St. Hubert, Que., who are hoping to become the first McDonald's workers in North America to unionize. The 400-employee group has previously fought hard to prevent unionization. Organizing drives were defeated at a Longueuil, Que., outlet in

1992 and a franchise in Orangeville, Ont., in 1994. But the Teachers' union, which hopes to represent 82 employees at the St. Hubert outlet, says that this time victory appears in the bag. Most of the St. Hubert workers are full time, and 82 per cent have signed a request for union certification. Employee Martin Tremblay, 36, said that after six years at the franchise, he earns only 20 cents more than Quebec's minimum wage of \$6.70 an hour.

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

The construction industry is on the upswing. In January, the value of building permits rose 18.7 per cent higher than a year ago. The residential sector was up 39.8 per cent. Non-residential construction still trails year ago levels but is expected to gain from the recently announced federal infrastructure program.

The country's inflation rate was unchanged in February at 9.7 per cent. But Statistics Canada reported that its index of help-wanted ads rose one per cent and is now 10 per cent higher than a year ago.

"The strength in home building across the country, with the growing synchrony of British Columbia Parents there fell 19 per

cent in January—another sign that the province is struggling after years of above-average growth."

—Nesbitt Burns

"Even if the economy grows much faster, as the Bank of Canada and other optimists expect, the unemployment rate will remain stubbornly high as an improving job market draws more people into the labor force."

—CBC's Wood Gundy

"While foreign direct investment in Canada continued at a lower pace last year, direct investment abroad vaulted to its highest level since 1987."

—Scott Brink





Peter C. Newman

The Liberals' agonizing election challenge

The Bloc are insatiable. The NDP is insatiable. The Tories are dormant. Reform is impossible. The Liberals are unseatable. Those are the early odds, and that's why Jean Chrétien expects to spend most of the summer on the golf course—even if he keeps hearing that he wants an election to consolidate his achievements. The campaign will be vintage Liberal strategy, which will help explain how the party has earned, and continues to deserve, the title of Canada's "Natural Governing Party."

Having all but balanced the budget by neutralizing the Reform party's platform, while adopting the major policy planks outlined by Brian Mulroney's Conservatives—NAFTA, the GST and so on—the Liberals are ready to swallow themselves.

The scenario gives something like this: The deficit was dramatically diminished simply by squeezing all functions to other levels of government. In effect, Ottawa's Health and Social Transfer has gouged about \$7 billion from the provinces. At the same time, the Liberals have radically reduced social spending, presenting themselves as champions of fiscal responsibility, the kind of tough managers the Coalition extolled for years.

Now comes the election. It is the promise of job creation that will anchor the Liberal platform, and that will include—surprise, surprise—new social initiatives, such as the plan already announced in the budget to help cure our worst disgrace, child poverty. What do you know? Those hardheaded Liberals will have not to be harnessed after all. It's an amazing play. You see the election by agreeing to undo what you've just finished doing.

There is one problem to this cheerful formula. At this uncomfortable juncture, in national affairs, Canadians are looking not just for leadership, but for a vision of their future. Most people don't want governments to control—or subsidize—their lives. But they do, desperately, need to be reassured that Canada will endure.

And that means all party leaders in the forthcoming campaign must deal with the issue of national unity. The NDP has not joined the debate; for the moment, Terry Levack (see Chrétien has yet to find a viable alternative to the policies under Mulroney's Pension Plan, as matter how hard he tries, is labelled as being anti-Quebec. This probably isn't a valid criticism, but it is true that he understands nothing of French Canada's pride or aspirations. For Reform to advocate a federalist system in which Quebec has equal power to Prince Edward Island—which has twice the population of Chatham's—just won't work.

Cynics say the Liberals have national unity problems in their own. Although they don't admit it, they're still stuck with pushing

for approval by the rest of the country of recognizing Quebec as a distinct society.

This is a non-starter for two reasons: a majority of the citizens of Alberta and British Columbia oppose such a move, not because they are anti-French or anti-Catholic, but because they believe all Canadians ought to be equal. In some loosely local politicians were to take on this position, both provinces have laws that require holding a referendum before approving any constitutional changes. Chrétien also put a federal law in place shortly after sweeping through the last Quebec referendum that allows both provinces (acting as regions) a veto over any constitutional amendments.

At the same time, Quebec's sovereigntists aren't the least bit interested in having their province declared a distinct. "I don't want a distinct society," former Parti Québécois leader Jacques Parsonnet repeatedly declared. "I want a country." Lucien Bouchard has emphatically refused that sentiment.

The scheduled election has already taken a peculiar turn in Quebec. In an unusual move for a premier, Bouchard will be campaigning vigorously for one of the federal parties—the Bloc Québécois—hoping to topple Chrétien, whose Sherbrooke constituency voted Yes in the last referendum.

Chrétien must win at least 28 seats nationally to stay in contention for the next federal election in 1991. If he runs a great campaign—as he did in the 1985 referendum battle—but is beaten in his own riding, the situation would get really curious. He would immediately come under intense pressure to transfer into the provincial arena, since Liberal Leader David Johnson is on the verge of being pushed out by his impatient followers (Bouchard, who has been a member of at least three parties, could hardly attack Chrétien for switching loyalties). Chrétien would thus move from being in charge of a party decimated by the voters to a humiliating two seats in 1991 to being the man on whom the fate of the country would hang, as leader of the No side in the next referendum.

Aware that Chrétien is returning to office, what he does in his first six months as the re-elected Prime Minister will be crucial. He will have one final chance to prove to Quebec that he can move the rest of Canada beyond supporting the status quo. That may be the only way to ensure defeat of the next Quebec referendum, which will then be only 18 months away. On the morning after election night, the Quebec referendum showdown will begin.

For Chrétien not to make a pre-emptive strike against Quebec separatism at this critical point could condemn him to being the architect of Canada's demise—the country's last prime minister. The biggest challenge to the Liberals is not winning an election day, but coming up with a winning formula on national unity on the morning after.

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IMAGINE LOOKING AT IT FOR 40,000 KM.

SAAB

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Diane Francis

When famous families lose their touch

It was ironic that on March 2—just two days after Eaton's filed for bankruptcy protection—its store was staged at the Eaton Centre in Toronto to celebrate the mall's 50th anniversary. Calling it a "Salute to the city," organizers threw the bash for 250 of us dubbed "Toronto's most outstanding people." For two hours or so, we mingled on carpets and mingled around a stage in front of Eaton's flagship store. Fred Eaton was among the honorees and in a quiet moment, he wryly commented to me, "Timing is everything, isn't it?"

The observation was appropriate. He was being honored just as the family business tottered on the brink, thrusting the Eaton family into a harsh public spotlight. Of course, the timing of the event had been determined months before. And the sudden decision to seek protection was not a case of guile but a case of reality finally triumphing over hope. Seasoned losses continued to mount, and the bankers' patience had worn thin. The resulting engine founded by Timothy Eaton more than a century and a quarter ago had been in trouble for a few years, along with many other retail empires. And as other businesses before had discovered, Eaton's problems eventually became unwelcome—the result of strategic mistakes and changing tastes.

As with any such outcome, the fallout will be far-reaching. Suppliers and creditors will be out of pocket, stores will close and people will lose jobs. It is tragic when a business begins to fail and double tragic when it is a household name. But I believe Eaton's will survive as a scaled-down store chain.

The blow to the Eaton family retail empire also has another significance. It marks the dissolution of another of the 32 Canadian families I identified in a 1986 book, *Controlling Interests: Who Owns Canada?*

That book estimated that 32 families controlled a staggering one-third of the country's corporate assets. I warned about the dangers of such fierce economic concentration and called for proper competition laws and free trade to open up Canada's marketplace. Since then, 15 of the 32 families have fallen on hard or, at the very least, near difficult times. And while say days for the remaining family members are hardly necessary, the facts are that the Scottish expression, "inheritance is short-sleeved" (three generations) has been borne out. Concentration of economic power in a dynamic, competitive marketplace rarely remains in the same hands forever.

That is because no proprietor is perfect and able to outdistance all competitors. No owner can always judge the correct strategies in Canada, too many successful families, had made their fortunes simply because they were already wealthy; that most risks they also were protected from foreign rivals thanks to tariff barriers.

And they were allowed to knock around smaller competitors as a result of Canada's thoroughly inadequate competition and stock market securities regulations. But since the mid-1980s, that has no longer been the case.

Once new competition laws kicked in, they contributed towards busting up the unhealthy marketplace concentrations, giving consumers a break and other entrepreneurs new opportunities. Equally helpful in terms of providing consumer choice and busting up Canada's family trusts was the North American Free Trade Agreement plus the 1994 privatisation of the Uruguay Round at the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

Among the 18 family casualties were the Bechtelmanns, Steinbergs, Selzbergs, Poslenses, Romans, Minns, Ghermoulans, Loews, and now the Eatons. Most remain in business but are mere shadows of their former selves, worth considerably less now than in 1986, just 11 years ago.

The other four families whose empires are not gone, but have been dismantled, doubled or altered noticeably are the McCains, the boomers, the Molsons, and the vast Hec-Belger holdings of the late Peter Bourdoin (older brother Edward was bought out before trouble struck). All have suffered huge financial setbacks.

The reasons for their demise or shrinkage vary. Retail woes plagued the Eatons, Steinbergs, Robert Campbell, the Poslenses and Ghermoulans. The Richmans, Minns, Loews and Hec-Belger group suffered from too much debt and the collapse of overvalued real estate assets. The Romans lost vast sums on a misapplied cold mining scheme and soaring debts. The boomers, owners of steel giant Inco, suffered the double whammy of interest

bet downturns and heavy borrowings. The Molsons have been selling off non-brewery assets and facing more competition than ever before in their beer business. As for the McCains, the family business still thrives, but the family has been displaced as a result of a financial loss.

Concentration of economic power still exists in Canada but its size, relative to the economy as a whole, has been greatly diminished. New players have filled the vacuum left by these families, the assets have been sold or secured or reorganized, and vast new fortunes have been made by immigrants and other newcomers in the high-tech, resource and retailing sectors.

The unfortunate demise of the Eaton retail chain underscores the fact that free enterprise is about failure as well as success. The Eatons made mistakes in running their store, but they should not be pilloried or shamed. They rolled in, did as any smart person must do, and lost. They have paid an enormous price, but the Canadian economy will continue to roll on. Only the names change. And the names are not important.



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COVER

City of Imagination

The great secret of Toronto is its passion. Citizens like it as it is.

Before the real city could be seen it had to be imagined, the way rumours and tall tales were a kind of charting....

*—Michael Gadsby,
In the Skin of a Lion*

BY ROBERT FULFORD

The great secret of Toronto is its passion. There this town will do anything to make the idea of Toronto as a coldly efficient money machine, an ATM with clients, dim and hard. But this political season has thrown an unusual light on Toronto. At the moment, the city—or, at least, a significant and highly articulate part of it—is passionately upset, passionately resistant, passionately defensive.

Believing itself threatened, Toronto has reacted with an explosion of angry political action. Famous citizens have been shouting at their provincial MPPs in public meetings, buttons and signs have blossomed everywhere, and the city government asked the citizens to vote on a question whose wording was so ridiculously biased it would embarrass the Parti Québécois: "Are you in favor of eliminating the city of Toronto and all other existing municipalities in Metropolitan Toronto and amalgamating them into a megacity?"

The answer was No, of course, overwhelmingly (the suburbs also voted No). How could it be otherwise? Who in the world could vote for eliminating the city of Toronto? As for megacity, it evokes megapace bombs, an abstract form of civic extermination. Of course, no one plans to eliminate anything, except some jobs in the public service and politics. You could say, with as much accuracy, that what's likely to happen will relegate and strengthen the city of Toronto. The Ontario government, which has constitutional responsibility for all the municipalities, plans to restructure the councils of Toronto. The city now runs on a kind of federal system—a metropolitan government to provide certain broad services for everyone, plus six regional councils to provide local services. There's a council for the old city of Toronto, and one each for five suburbs, like Scarborough and North York—which

Slavery on Grandville
Poet: Visiting
neighborhoods,
houses built in
the freeways

are edited, with biased inaccuracy, "let's."

This environment is now 43 years old, and the most striking thing about it is that almost nobody outside government, the media and the local development business understands how it works. Most of the citizens probably know that the police are under Metro control, but few citizens could tell you which level of government runs the fire halls (they're local), the ambulances (Metro), or the libraries (city). Nor does anyone know why the power is divided this way. Everybody is represented by a local councillor and a Metro councillor, but few of us even know their names. In truth, Toronto people don't much like to vote in local elections. A turnout of concerned, eligible voters, which would be a disgrace in a liberal or provincial election, is considered an oddity in local elections across Metro. People get elected if they ran often enough to achieve a bit of local fame. The late William E. Kibben, an author and professor who was himself an alderman for a while, called Toronto-election "mass-recognition campaigns."

Is this the democracy Toronto is fighting to save? Are the citizens pursued by cliques in a political system to which they normally pay only minimal attention? There are other, separate problems on the table, such as changes in welfare funding that may cost the city dearly. Some of the opposition to One Big Toronto is a spillover of indignation from those issues. But the real anger has been caused by small questions left to. To understand why people are angry, we need to understand Toronto as a city of dreams, a place in which a multitude of citizens have slowly and reluctantly invested deep emotions. Torontonians may not know how the place runs, but they know they like it, and they can prove this by voting over any suggestion that it significantly change.

Toronto is a big city that dreams of being like a village. It adores smallness. It's a metropolis with the mind of a village. Neighborhoods are the focus of local politics, right across Metropolitan Toronto. In 1951, the Ontario government of Bill Davis, restricting the province's fastest-growing cities, cancelled plans for the Spadina Expressway, which would have ripped through the downtown core and probably rinned certain districts, such as the Annex. Soon after, David Crombie became mayor of the central city on a pro-neighborhood platform. He was the local-level mayor at a generation, and ever since he took office the desire to preserve the quality of local life has been spreading out, from downtown to the distant corners of the suburbs. There's no logical reason why this "Big Toronto" idea should preserve neighborhoods, but you can't prove that you're an advance—and many Torontonians are proud to take the choice. They don't want anything to endanger even a sliver of the city of which they're remarkably proud.

Toronto's pride is all the more powerful for being recent. In recent times (until the mid 1990s), Torontonians were more than willing to apologize for their city. The rest of Canada disliked Toronto—it was considered too rich, too busy and too shallow. Visitors found the place flat and boring. So the locals learned to disapprove before outsiders got the chance. I can remember many people who were eager to decline, even after many years there, that they lived in Toronto only because their work made it necessary. In the past three decades, conversation about the



A city of dreams, a metropolis with the mind of a village



Flower shop on Avenue Road; Davies (left) wrapping Toronto's brilliant ivory takes that show on Kableisha and Jang

city has taken an entirely different tone. Toronto began discovering itself, and finally came to the conclusion that what it had discovered was all right—in fact, it was better than that. It was unique and precious, and not to be fooled with.

The great discoveries of the city turned out to be a new sense of identity—immigrants, not all of whom are as well known as they deserve to be. One was Jack Diamond, a South African architect who saw the beauty and charm in old Toronto streets, qualities that not all of us had noticed. He showed the rest of his profession how to save these streets from destruction by restoring old buildings with care and filling in the spaces around them with new housing—his designs did as much as any to create the red-brick Toronto architectural style of the 1970s. The late Albert Jacques Pranch, an artist from the Netherlands, made a reputation in the 1960s by exploding and partially painting the city's back alleys and run-down 1920s-style streets. His work is revered in the streets surrounding Yorkville. And, of which soon became indispensable. Jack Jacobs, a 1960s-1970s architect from the United States, as floor of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, became seen and councillor to a generation of politicians and architects, always pushing in favor of practical, local projects and against grand ideas imposed from above. And Michael Ondaatje—born as it was in Sri Lanka—invited and Torontonians to their own history by building a poetic myth around the construction of the Blue Street Viaduct and the earliest waterfront slum in his 1987 novel, *The Englishman's Boy*.

The film version of *The Englishman's Boy* made Ondaatje the most famous Toronto writer in the late 1990s, but he's only one of a dozen or so distinguished novelists who have helped create the mythical Toronto

to Physical cities made from concrete and asphalt and brick, but mythologies were made from the dreams and desires and disappointments of those who grew up there or more there to find themselves. These imaginary cities are in the creation of writers, who must invent the city before it can be imagined to exist. Their work is a great collective creation. They can give shape, meaning and distinction to a city's inner life—as James Joyce did with Dublin, Charles Dickens with London, Hemingway with Paris. Books in which cities come to life are acts of mythmaking in themselves, and in recent times Toronto has had more than its share of such books.

Morley Callaghan was the great figure in the mythology of the Toronto novel. For a couple of generations, he wrote, with a wondrously sweet sadness, of a seldom-mentioned city that was recognizably Toronto. The city of his youth still physically exists, but in moral time it seems like a distant planet. A typical early Callaghan, *A New Deer* (1930), shows its young lovers in mid-century Toronto, around Riverdale Park, where they live in a tiny local and minutely connected lives. Their neighborhood is their world, and everyone knows everyone else's family. Sexual love is charged with a power drawn from social content—as an affair can't be easily abandoned,

since the lovers will continue to live near each other and will so far as they know encounter each other for the rest of their lives.

Callaghan's books, though he never intended them as such, can be seen partly as essays about the good and bad of neighborhood life as demonstrated in Toronto—his characters have relatively secure lives,



Arrested: Morley Callaghan above Moore Park; Davies reviews as the city's subconscious

but within a network of prohibitions. In 1967, *A New Deer* was produced in some readers' nostalgia for a lost world, in others it will induce gratitude for the more recent novel codes of today. In Callaghan's day, a new arrival from Toronto was to place as much emphasis on the old as the new. Since then, it has become commonplace. Beginning with his most important novel, *Mythos* (1970), Robertson Davies began to produce a comprehensive picture of Toronto: the University of Toronto, Bay Street and Upper Canada College. At first, he looked to some readers like a rather limited figure, a staid product of the old British Protestant ascendancy, but those who followed his work discovered within it an openness to a wide variety of influences. Davies was a realist who could perfectly catch the tone of life in his adopted city, and at the same time a first-class writer. Torontonians shared their lives with words, situation, anger and irony. In the last quarter of a century, he watched Toronto evolve a series of brilliant fairs that drew on Kableisha and C. G. Jung. Bay Street, the rich businessman of *Mythos*, found death at the bottom of Toronto harbor, sitting in his Cadillac, his mouth filled with a large chunk of pink granite, was the first of a series of spectacular Davies characters. He invited us to accompany them on, as he said, "the descent into the depths of the spirit." Mythologizing Toronto through everyday gossip about leading citizens into grand legends, he gave the city a myth book sign of enormous power, thick with local detail but universal in meaning.

Marcelle Aron's accomplishment has been no less notable, and no less local. She brilliantly evokes the spirit of the city in two Toronto-centered novels, *Life Before Now* and *The Rubber Arms*, the first based on the Royal Ontario Museum, the second on the Toronto Art Association. And *Go's Eye*, her terrific novel of child hood, takes her readers into the landscape that is characteristically and uniquely Torontoian: the rivers. Tributes of the art centers that flow southward to Lake Ontario through Metropolitan Toronto, the rivers symbolize everything good and bad in Toronto. They're the topographical signature of the city, one of our metropolitanisms: something that's running through it. As the architect Larry Richards once pointed out, Toronto is like San Francisco on turned upside down. Or maybe inside out. But as a topographical feature, it's clearly evident, the way San Francisco's is. People can visit Toronto and go away thinking it's flat. Actually, Toronto is a city of hills, but many of them are buried and most of them are hidden.

It's occasionally said that the life in Toronto has a kind of festive quality



COVER

The great discoverers of the city turned out to be immigrants

to, a certain habit of caution, a weakness for secret codes. If there's truth about the natives, this is where Torontonians do a lot of their growing up, and first encounter nature, in a hidden world that outsiders seldom see. The natives are the subterranean of Toronto, the city's half-broken, little-known secrets. In a certain way, these hundreds of semi-natural codes operate like a private club: there are few rules, and not many entrances. Old Torontonians learn the rules childhood. New Torontonians have to be guided in.

What makes the natives so startling and so visible is their content, the sudden and shocking change from ordered street life to disorderly nature—wildflowers, daisies, trees, meadows, even families of coyotes. This juxtaposition is one reason the natives have appealed to writers. In the 1960s, those of Toronto's most ambitious literary novels have used the natives as a major theme—*Annexation* by Douglas Cooper (1992), *Mount Toner* by Catherine Bush (1993) and *Forgotten People* by Anne Michaels (2000). In *Annexation*, Cooper describes a Toronto native as a place that reaches the planned order of the city. At the end of the street, down replaces planning. It is "where the city combined with the darkness."

It was part of a network of wild spaces that held the baby of the city like a nest of vipers. To Cooper's characters, the natives "are the margins on the edge of the known."

Catherine Bush's *Mount Toner*, one of the most Toronto-centric of recent novels, puts much of the action at the CN Tower and Nathan Phillips Square, but locates several vital scenes in the natives. A young man named Toner tells us: "When I was 13, I ran away from home and lived in the natives by myself for over a week." While he was missing, the grown-up world down the Avenue Road started out at Wilket Creek Park and made my way down, north of the Science Centre. Down towards the Dan Valley Parkway." Eventually he got tired of it, surfaced in a parking lot,



◆ *Novelist: Michelle Michaels (left) showcasing Torontonians to their own history*

and into someone to show his parents. This quick one describes one of the great advantages of life in Toronto: a child can escape into wilderness without venturing more than a mile from home.

The rich and messy-laden *Forgotten People* by Anne Michaels describes to uncover the nature of Toronto from my recent novel *Annexation*. The two men who don't make much of her story borrow from the city of Toronto and take possession of it. They are immigrants from Europe, but in Toronto, Michaels says, "almost every one has come from elsewhere...bringing with them their different ways of dying and mourning, their kitchens and notes." Her characters discover Toronto as a city of interconnected natives. "Through these great native gardens you can traverse the city beneath the streets, look up to the floating neighbourhoods, houses built in the treehops." This is a place of "forgotten rivers, abandoned quarries...a city built in the bowl of a prehistoric lake." In one perfect phrase, she speaks of the native freedom in nature as "rooms of green, sunlight."

When they succeed, these civic mythmakers at first both know we think about a city and how we live in it. Nowhere, of course, no longer dominates the mind of a society. Some of these writers, in fact, are read by only a tiny minority. But when they make their home town a home for the imagination, their myth seeps through the city, flows into the wires of our history, and slings our national pride. It has subtly transformed Toronto, giving it a personal, many-layered story. What separates the politics of recent novels in Toronto is the pervasive obsession of losing this lovely thing, only to find it.

IT ALSO COMES IN BLACK

It remembers names and phone numbers.

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The fightfor

BY JOE CHIDLEY

It is an unwritten code of conduct for big-city life: avoid speaking to strangers on the public transit system—and if talking is a demand, keep it down, please. So ingrained is that protocol that when a group of Toronto teenagers started talking loudly on the Gerrard streetcar one late-February afternoon, the discomfort among other passengers was almost palpable. It was only heightened when one of the kids, a long-haired girl in a green bomber jacket, actually addressed an older stranger: "How are you going to vote on region city? You gotta vote. No, man," she remarked, unheeded. Before he could respond, another teen piped in: "I damn it, I gonna slap you." Scarborough's going to get socked up by Toronto. Scarborough's too small!" The stranger, getting a word in edgewise, pointed out that Scarborough and Toronto are, in fact, about the same size. "Really?" said the second teen, her noseering twisting with curiosity. "I don't know my subway station, Kennedy—" "That station sucks," interrupted Teen No. 1. "Yeah," continued Teen No. 2. "Anyway, around there, it's pretty small."

For once, strangers are talking to one another in Toronto. And what's got them talking—even the teenagers—is municipal politics, something Torontonians usually find so unexciting that only about a third of them vote in local elections. But in Toronto—that somewhat arrogant metropolis the rest of the country loves to hate—there are unusual times. The city is in the grip of Mega Madness, and a riveting drama is being played out on the civic stage. To the provincial Conservatives and their supporters, it is a tale of wild municipal policy and sound fiscal management. But to many Torontonians, who fear that the province's reforms will destroy their city, it has taken on the proportions of a horror story—Mystery: The Tiny Monster that Ate Toronto.

The plot goes something like this: Last December, the provincial government introduced Bill 103, which as of next year will unify the area's six municipalities, along with the regional government of Metropolitan Toronto, into a single city of about 2.5 million people—Toronto the Good becomes Toronto the Huge. It might seem a relatively innocuous bit of legislative tinkering, but with the proposed amalgamation, the provincial government stepped boldly—some say blindly—into a political minefield.

Opposition to the bill, scheduled for first reading in the provincial legislature next month, was immediate. And the cries of outrage—resoundingly loud for such a politically staid city—have come from rich and poor, left and right. The protests could be heard at any of the 20 or so community meetings at which amalgamation has been discussed every week for the past three months, or seen on the nightly "Vote No to mergery" signs outside homes and businesses. Last week, at referendums sponsored by the six municipalities—all of whose mayors oppose the mergery—the opposition outnumbered a rejection of amalgamation by Toronto residents. Three quarters of participating voters in most areas, again, about one third, said No to the mergery. Provincial officials, who charged that the referendum

questions were biased and that the voters' lists were unreliable, had repeatedly vowed to ignore the results. But last week's No vote still sent them scrambling for damage control, even as they vowed that amalgamation will continue.

The provincial plan for Toronto is, in fact, a radical piece of legislation, and its effects will transcend the borders of the new city. The unified Toronto will be a virtual colossus, outstripping the populations of six provinces and rivaling that of Alberta (population 2.7 million). The new Toronto will be bigger than any American city except New York, Los Angeles and Chicago. Unsurprisingly, the new city will also be leaner and more efficient than the old one: the government projects cost savings of \$865 million by the year 2000, thanks to less waste, fewer politicians—and the elimination of as many as 4,500 civil service jobs. An amalgamated Toronto will "have a strong, unified voice to sell itself internationally" in the global mar-

Mayor Mel Lastman on her porch. It's a sight you won't see in any other city.



ketplace, boasts Municipal Affairs Minister Al Leach: "We have the potential to take a great city and make it even greater." Many Torontonians, however, clearly do not buy Leach's argument. They fear that amalgamation, by reducing the number of councillors to 44 from the current 106, will dilute their political voices and make local government less responsive. Others are concerned that property taxes will rise—not only because of amalgamation, but also because of separate provincial plans to reform the tax system and to offload the cost of social services onto the municipalities. Still others simply do not like the way the Tories have gone about implementing change—and use loaded words like "tyranny" and "takeover" to prove their point.

But the real trouble for the Tories is that few Torontonians think about the city in terms of the "global marketplace." Sure, they are

A proposed merger draws cries of outrage from rich and poor, right and left

TORONTO



erty tax formula, called actual value assessment. Tax reform has long been a controversial issue in Toronto, and some downtown homeowners will probably see their property taxes rise substantially under the new scheme. At the same time, the province unveiled plans to remove \$5.4 billion in education funds from municipal property taxes—but then downgraded by 4 billion in service costs to the municipalities, with the difference made up by a \$1-billion reserve fund. The most controversial change was that municipalities would share the costs of welfare equally with the province, where before they paid only 20 per cent. The City of Toronto estimated that, together with other social-service costs, the welfare shift would cost property taxpayers \$302 million

In the wake of last week's referendum results, the Conservatives had to address the scale—and volume—of opposition to their municipal reform package. First, they delayed the deadline for assessments to 1993 until the end of March—as indication that substantial changes are in the works. Those could include curbing the power of the trustees and transition team, and possibly guaranteeing that property taxes will not rise as a result of amalgamation. More important, Harris has broadly hinted that the government will rethink its downgrading scheme. One option, which Conservative and Tory supporters have been pressuring the province to adopt, is using some capital costs of education, like housing and building maintenance, with the municipalities, while maintaining the traditional 80/20 provincial/commu-



Mayor Lesahn (left) 'You want had North York anywhere as the city?'

nally lives the Board of Trade of Metropolitan Toronto and Credit Union, a Conservative, feared the downgrading hard to swallow. 'It is an egregious error,' said Crombie, who supports amalgamation. 'It's just as though they went to a baseball game and tried to score a hockey goal.'

In the minds of many Torontonians, amalgamation, property tax reform and downgrading all added up to nothing less than a Conservative conspiracy to ruin the city. 'They're thrown by big people who resent the big city—[Finance Minister] Jim Flaherty and Mike Harris,' declared Sewell. 'They're both small-town guys; they're out of their depth in the city. They resent it, and they're going to go out and get it.' Lesahn, a lifelong Torontonian, acknowledges that had the government not been under a self-imposed time constraint to enact municipal reform by the end of 1992, 'I would have kept the issues separate—first with amalgamation, and then dealt separately without some of the other things.'

racial split on welfare funding. But Lesahn and Harris have also made it clear—repeatedly and not—that the municipality will go ahead with or without amalgamation.

Like many others, City of Toronto Mayor Hall predicts dire consequences for downtown neighborhoods like Cabagetown, where she has lived for the past 30 years: a flight of the middle class, declining infrastructure, more poor people on the streets, less sitting over a cup of coffee in a small, trendy cafe; recently—on patios regularly come up to say 'Hi'—Hall foresees something positive arising from the merger debate. 'Whatever happens, big change will come from it,' she says. 'People have seen their communities at risk, and have put time and energy into organizing and talking about things. I don't believe that will disappear—people will stay involved, and find ways to take responsibility in the city.' If that prediction turns out to be true, there might be hope for the megacity after all. □

Smokeless in Hogtown

The woman who owns the cafe is nervous—her customers are, after all, breaking the law. In a corner, about 20 nicotine-crazed patrons sit in defiance of Toronto's tough new anti-smoking bylaw, which came into effect on March 3. The owner, exasperated, says she has asked smokers to butt out, only to have others light up. 'Some of them are like my brothers and sisters—I see them more than my children,' she says. 'They say to me, "Are you not ashamed?"'

So it was last week, in Toronto's Good tried to live up to its name. Adopted last July, the bylaw contested bylaw forbade smoking in all restaurants and bars. Businesses can build a costly enclosed and separately ventilated room for their smoking clientele—up to 25 per cent of seating capacity—though most are waiting to see if the bylaw survives the proposed municipal amalgamation of Toronto with five other municipalities. In the meantime, owners are posting the required no-smoking signs and, according to the bylaw, asking waiters to smokers. 'All they have to say to them is that it is my duty to inform you that you are smoking in a prohibited area—it ends there,' says Pamela Schiele, Toronto's environmental health manager. 'They don't have to say, "But out, step outside or I'm not going to serve you."'

Which raises the issue of enforcement. About 25 inspectors plan to visit all 2,500 affected establishments by the end of this month, and issue owners notices detailing their degree of compliance. Those notices will be followed up with spot checks (the city also has a so-called snitch line). Fines range from \$200 to \$5,000, but so long as no-smoking signs are posted and waiters asked, establishments cannot be charged. As for smokers breaking the bylaw, health inspectors have no power to force them to produce identification. So, Schiele concedes, 'you can't give a ticket if you don't know who the person is.'

The immediate effect of the new regulation was to empty many establishments—particularly the small shops that rely on coffee-drink business. And while organizations such as the Canadian Cancer Society cheered the new bylaw, many business owners and smokers were left fuming. 'Was they going to be in our bedrooms next?' asked one woman while defiantly dragging on a cigarette in a financial-district coffee shop. 'This is going to be a war.' Perhaps. Despite the ban on smoking, the war in Toronto has certainly not been cleared.

DANIEL HANAUSSKA



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People

Edited by
MANHARA WICKENS

Learning to savor Stern

When Toronto screenwriter **Leo Blum** was approached about turning **Howard Stern's** 1985 autobiography, *Private Parts*, into a movie script, Blum was not receptive. "I found him obnoxious," was Blum's initial response. He was not alone even though Stern's syndicated radio program has 18 million U.S. listeners, many of them low to hate the shock jock for his outrageously racist, sexist and generally flared and crude on-air remarks. But producer **Ivan Reitman**—a fellow Canadian with whom Blum had worked on previous movie projects, including the 1979 comedy *Meatballs*—convinced him not to make up his mind until after he had met Stern. "I was still frightened of him," recalls Blum of the meeting two years ago, "but I also realized that I had never backed harder in my life." So he took on the screenwriting task. The movie *Private Parts* opened on March 7. In the process, Blum grew to like and respect Stern, not only for his devotion to his wife, **Alison**, and their three children, but also for his outspokenness. Says Blum: "He is just out to fight hypocrisy in an aggressive, successful way."



Stern, Blum: How far is radio from film?

On top Down Under

The golf season started poorly for **Gail Graham**. The 33-year-old resident from Denver, C., missed the cut in two of the first three tournaments she played in 1997. But she began to reverse her fortunes in late

February with a fourth-place finish—worth \$46,700—at the Cap Needles Hawaiian Ladies Open in Kapolei, Hawaii. Her play improved even more at the Alpine Australian Ladies Masters golf championship in Gold Coast, Australia. She began the final round in second place, trailing Australian favorite **Katie Webb** by five strokes, but fired a scorching four-under-par 68 to overtake Webb by one stroke. The March 2 victory was worth \$133,300—not to mention a huge boost to her confidence. "The already achieved most of my goals for this season," she said last week. "I guess I'm going to have to think up some new ones."



Graham working on some new golf goals

An officer and a pent-up man

One of the hardest things that actor **Gabriel Byrne** had to learn for his part in *Boyz n the City*, a CBC TV drama about Canadian soldiers serving in Croatia in 1992 and 1993, was how not to show too much emotion. "Usually, an actor is thinking about how to project to the back row," says Byrne, 38, who plays Lieut. Bobby Dinko, a

young United Nations commander stuck in the middle of warring Serbs and Croats during an uneasy ceasefire. "But Dinko is a trained officer who is not about to show weakness." The actor says he and his fellow cast and crew grew very close to the drama's broadcast—to the wife of the Swarth and Brown scandal—is significant. "This movie is about a soldier's story, not a political overview of Yugoslavia," says Byrne. "I'm proud of it."



Norcross: 'With jazz, it's strictly the music'

Resonant rhythms

As a jazz musician, Toronto percussionist **Alicia Norcross** knows he is unlikely to burst onto the scene with the sudden impact of, say, **Alicia Keys**. But success in jazz, unlike the worlds of pop and rock, which are littered with one-hit wonders, can be measured in terms of so-called "slow life." And a long shelf life is just what 40-year-old Norcross—whose average drum kit contains 35 drums, 15 cymbals and a host of other percussion instruments, including gongs and chimes—is hoping for. Her debut CD, *Time Changes*, *Time Changes*, will arrive. Released in Canada in August, 1997, then in Europe and the United States, and finally in Asia last month, the casually atmospheric CD has been gaining the kinds of kudos critical to keep it going strong. *Jeune*, the leading U.S. jazz publication, called it "a breath of fresh, ethereal air." Meanwhile, world-renowned saxophonist **Oliver Lake** and Japanese trumpeter **Tiger Okoshi** have joined Norcross's band and will work on his next CD, due out late this year. "With jazz, it's strictly the music," says Norcross. "You can't take that."

Education

A class of their own

At first glance, it looks like any high school anywhere in Canada as two students rush with skis slung over their shoulders. But for Mathieu Ranselle, who competed last month in the Canadian figure-skating championships in Vancouver, and Isabelle Pearson, a bronze medalist, Ecole Secondaire de Montargis in Beauharnois, Que., is more than just a place to develop their minds and hang out with their friends. For almost 200 promising young athletes, de Montargis also provides an excellent environment in which to hone their sporting skills. As Ranselle heads to class each afternoon on a rainy morning at the local arena, Pearson has already picked away her books and is hitting the pads. On most days, homework, supper and movie time lie ahead for both. It is a busy timetable, but one that both athletes embrace with enthusiasm. "We are very lucky," says Ranselle. "to be part of a program like this."

What de Montargis set out to do in 1985 when it launched one of Canada's first so-called sports school programs. From an initial enrolment of non-figure skaters the program has mushroomed to almost one-tenth of the school's 3,000 students. Their special-

Young athletes thrive in schools that cater to their demanding schedules

ties encompass 11 different sports—from tennis and hockey to basketball and swimming. Roughly 50 other schools now run similar programs, and in 1994 the National Sport School, where students pay an annual fee of \$4,000, opened its doors in Calgary. But Pearson de Montargis remains one of the largest and most renowned such programs to operate within a traditional public high school. Says John Bates, president of the Coaching Association of Canada: "It is the model of the sports school we would like to

see in operation across the country."

While they remain relatively rare, such schools have been a boon to Canadian athletes performing in an increasingly competitive international arena. "The performance levels are so high," says Jean-Guy Gauthier, president of Sports Québec, which represents 60 sports federations. "We can no longer reconcile the number of hours of training and a regular school program—they are incompatible." Among those who have benefited from de Montargis' combination of academics and athletics is figure skater Isabelle Brasseur, who won a bronze medal with partner Lloyd Eisler at the 1994 Olympics in Lillehammer, Norway. The school has also been a training ground for some of the country's best tennis players. The current crop includes Marie-Line Pelletier, 16, the Canadian junior national champion, as well as Sébastien Larou, ranked second nationally in men's singles, and Sébastien LeBlanc, ranked fourth.

In order to ensure a high degree of success in the classroom, de Montargis requires above-average entering grades for those admitted. Once in, students are assigned to a team of teachers who work one-on-one with the athletes—becoming teachers, a full-time physiotherapist and a staff with both their scholastic needs and sport-specific sports psychology. "In the past," de Montargis also offers another program, athletes were often marginalized," says pro-vice-principal Marie Van De Moortel, "are free to travel to competitions throughout



Brasseur, Olympic dreamer

the school year. Tennis player Pelletier has already missed three months of classes since September. Like other students, she takes along school work when she travels, which can be taxed back to her teacher or handed in upon return. Brasseur missed a week of school last month to take part in the

national figure skating championships, where he and his partner, Melissa Arnold, placed second in the novice dance category.

Despite the evident success of the de Montargis program and others like it, observers say that what is needed now is a similar commitment on the part of Canada's colleges and universities to nurture—and finance—young athletes. "It's a concern," says Dan Brink, acting director general of Sport Canada. "We would like to keep our athletes in Canada, but in some sports—like basketball and hockey—U.S. scholarship are a reality."

Still, for students like Ranselle and Pearson, de Montargis has clearly been a godsend. Slinging in class and proudly sporting his national team jacket, Ranselle takes a break from his French homework to talk about his hopes of attending the world junior figure skating championships in Saint John, N.B., in December. Pearson, meanwhile, says her goal is to earn a black belt before the year is out. After that? "I really want to go to the Olympics," she says, perhaps in the year 2000. For now, both she and Ranselle have their hands full with a rigorous schedule—a timetable on which young dreams are built.

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Carleton's
Sutherland
with student,
teaching in
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Surfing at high speed

A more powerful Internet is quickly approaching

Perhaps the lectures at Ottawa's Carleton University were just not ready for prime time. At one time, the university learned a hard lesson about the television business last December when Toronto-based Rogers Cable systems announced plans to pull the plug on its Ottawa-area educational channel to make room on the dial for a new commercial station. Although the 50 accredited courses offered by the university on the cable channel were seeing a huge ratings success, they attracted more than 5,000 concurrent students a year and generated as much as \$1.9 million annually in tuition fees. The university has applied to the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission for its own broadcast license, but regardless of the outcome, Carleton is determined that the show must go on.

Next time, though, it might not be on TV. Instead, Carleton is hoping to jump aboard CA*net II, a faster, more powerful offshoot of the Internet that, among other advantages, will have the capacity to carry high-quality audio and video transmissions. The university plans to begin live broadcasts of four courses over CA*net II on a trial basis in the coming weeks. "If that proves successful, then we can possibly start including all 90 courses in this way," says David

Sutherland, Carleton's director of computing and communications services. And unlike local cable TV, the new computer network should eventually give Carleton a shot at a wider audience. "It could provide people with education in their own towns," says Sutherland. "It could help them avoid the travel costs, and make lectures accessible to people incapable of moving."

The conventional Internet already reaches around the world, but for many applications it is simply not up to the job. For one thing, the Net is increasingly overloaded. "There are so many people crowding the Internet, and the amount of information being transferred is so massive, that it is having difficulties keeping up," says David Worlan, a computer science professor at the University of Toronto who advises the university on computer resources.

In particular, the telephone lines that link computers on the Internet are often overwhelmed to handle the enormous chunks of data required for kilobit-second video images and sound. CA*net II—shortened for Carleton network II—is designed to accommodate video feeds for such purposes as long-distance education and medical conferencing, which allows patients to confer with doctors hundreds or thousands of kilometers away. "You'll be able to provide multi-

media information of very high quality, comparable to broadcast," says Andrew Berrington, president and chief executive officer of CANARE Inc., a nonprofit company that is helping to develop the new network.

The organizers of CA*net II are among a increasing number of groups around the world whose goal is to create new information highways that are faster and more reliable than today's Internet. Last October, 39 U.S. universities—frustrated by Internet slowdowns during peak hours and frequent service interruptions—announced a plan to connect to one another through a new set of work of high-speed cables, dubbed Internet II. In a separate initiative, U.S. President Bill Clinton pledged last fall to contribute at least \$100 million annually for the next five years to the creation of the so-called next generation Internet, which would be 1,000 times faster than today's Internet and intended exclusively for computer researchers.

North of the border, some Internet watchers warn that Canada is in danger of falling behind the United States in the development of faster, more sophisticated computer networks. Right now, there is nothing to stop U.S.-based services from eventually dominating the on-line world in Canada, says Bill St. Arnaud, CANARE's director of network projects. "The Internet is a wide-open ball park, and anybody can come in and offer these services," he says. "If we don't do this first, you can be done sure the Americans will be up here real quick and do it for us."

To keep that from happening, CANARE is recruiting universities, businesses and research groups to help develop CA*net II. About 140 participants from organizations including regional telephone companies and other major telecommunications carriers, recently attended a workshop in Toronto to hammer out their roles in the creation of CA*net II. Beginning as early as next month the new network will go into operation to universities and academic research institutions. Once it is fully established—probably within two to three years—CANARE expects to turn the network over to one or more telecommunications companies, which will charge individuals or corporations for the extra capacity and speed offered by CA*net II. In effect, the Internet would then become a two-tiered system, with a basic service that is accessible to everyone and a faster, more powerful service for those who are prepared to pay extra. "They'll both be interconnected, but companies will buy business class so they know that their information will get through," says St. Arnaud. Eventually, those companies and other users will gain access to an international audience as well as high-capacity archives around the globe are linked together. By then, Carleton University's faculty may find themselves lecturing to students around the world.

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Monkey business

It's a development with implications for research in alcoholism, depression, AIDS and other illnesses, researchers in Oregon have produced two rhesus monkeys using a process similar to the sheep-cloning breakthrough announced in Scotland the last month. "I think it's going to make for much, much better science, and much better experiments," said M. Susan Smith, director of the Oregon National Primate Research Center in Beaverton, where the research took place. The procedure clears the way for producing genetically identical monkeys, and Donald Witt, a senior scientist at the center, hopes monkeys are widely used in health research. Identical animals would be a boon because, by eliminating genetic makeup as a variable, scientists could be more confident of their research results. The Oregon team produced the monkeys from the cells taken from an embryo. The Scottish cloning team produced a healthy lamb from the genetic information in an older cell of an adult ewe.



The Oregon primate research experiment

Newborns and pain

A Canadian study published in the *British medical journal* *Lancet* suggests that newborns should receive painkillers before circumcision and other surgery. A research team at the University of Toronto found that cutting away newborns' foreskins without an anesthetic made the infants sensitive to pain in ways that were still evident when they received routine vaccinations six months later. The study looked at infant boys in three groups: 32 uncircumcised, 28 given a topical anesthetic cream to decrease the pain of circumcision, and 29 circumcised without a painkiller. The infants who were circumcised without a pain reliever cried for twice as long as the uncircumcised boys after receiving the needles, reports Dr. Gordon Kozin, a professor of pediatrics, pharmacology and medicine who oversaw the study. The babies who received a topical anesthetic before surgery scored between the other groups. Circumcisions, performed on about half of Canadian boys, is the most common of the procedures routinely done on newborns with minimal or no pain relief. The study shows that it is not safe to conclude there is no need for an anesthetic because babies only feel the pain briefly, says graduate student Anna Tarko, the principal researcher on the project. "We don't know any other people of any age group that way," she adds. "We even take better care to manage the pain of mammals."

The stay-thin gene

US and French researchers have discovered what appears to be an important clue to understanding why some people pile on the pounds while others gain no weight when they consume similar quantities. The key is a gene, called UCP2 (uncoupling protein 2), which activates a protein that appears to be responsible for burning excess calories in surplus body heat, rather than storing them as fat. "Having the gene activated is like running a heater off your

car's gas tank," says psychologist Richard Servat of Duke University in Durham, N.C., co-author of a study published last week in *Nature Genetics*. "You use up more fat!" Researchers at Duke, the University of California at Davis and the French Centre national de la recherche scientifique looked at mice that gained little weight on a high-fat diet and others that "blew up like balloons," Servat says. Concluding that the difference lies in the activity level of the UCP2 gene, the researchers are now focusing on development of a drug to help control weight.

Women's deaths

Smoking has resulted in a dramatic increase in deaths of Canadian women from lung cancer, with rates now four times what they were in 1970, the Canadian Cancer Society reports. After reviewing statistics compiled by the society, Health Canada and other cancer groups, the society concluded "The discouraging news is that lung cancer incidence and mortality rates among Canadian women continue their rapid increase." In a positive development, more women are surviving breast cancer because of early detection. And among men, the overall cancer mortality rate declined slightly after reaching a peak in 1988.

Low-tar cancer

A Swiss study released by the American Cancer Society concludes that low-tar, filtered cigarettes do not reduce the danger of lung cancer, but instead are responsible for a different type of the disease that reaches deeper into the lung. The study, conducted at the University of Lausanne, confirms a trend already noted in the United States. Squamous cell carcinoma and small cell carcinomas, which attack the main trunks of the lungs, are the two types of lung cancer most strongly linked to cigarette smoking. But as people have switched to "light" low-tar cigarettes, adenocarcinoma—which attacks the tiny outer branches of the lungs—is becoming more prevalent. The study of 7,423 cancer cases in Switzerland between 1974 and 1994 found that the incidence of adenocarcinoma more than doubled in that time.

A tumor trigger

British cancer researchers say radical kinds of treatments could emerge from a new understanding, announced last week, of how cells grow into uncontrollable tumors. "This discovery could have implications for new therapies and diagnosis," said Dr. Nicol Keith, who headed the research at Glasgow University. The researchers said they found a gene in cancer cells that switches on an enzyme that, in turn, stops the natural process of cells dying off. "That process permits the rapid growth of tumors, but in cancer, the researchers said, its effect is more extreme. "This discovery fits like a puzzle with what we already understand about cancer development," said Gordon McVie, director of the British Cancer Research Campaign.



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CHATELAINE. WHERE CANADIAN WOMEN GET IT ALL, TOGETHER.

A new, Black Citizen

The Southam empire unveils its Ottawa showpiece

BY MARCI McDONALD

In a town where the goal is to create the hype and hoopla surrounding the launch of Caneel Blauk's revamped *Gleaner*, Caneel last week, an underdog rival, *The Okeechobee Sun*, unleashed a painful promotional stunt. Offering a \$500 prize and a custom-made wooden shirt, the tabloid invited readers to find a daily "black spot"—a photo of the politician, 32-year-old press secretary, or even a person who may have been in the paper. As publisher John Paine puts it, "a knock at the new self-important Okeechobee." But it also underlined the paper game currently pre-occupying the county and the country's media circles: trying to detect Blauk's malice and in the day that he has chosen to transform into the showcase of the 50-year-old newspaper's 100th anniversary. A day when he was too controlling in interest on Southern life.

On the swagman circuit in which the exiled Cossack arrived at the dozwentoys of his 146,000 subscribers, Mr. Reynolds, the editor, was a man whose Blackie had picked to direct the nation's press, but not that agency. In a bid for political closure—to mention poaching rights on the Ottawa presidency of The Globe and Mail—Reynolds claimed an act as unbecoming that "to deliver the press to the hands of a man who is not in the country." It has long still appeared the exact clause at the end of a week, no one disagreed that he had pulled out a maverick that was not radically else alleged as it was consens. With an updated view at a century, and Reynolds' Blackie had been a man of 32 million in new cash. Reynolds' maverick picked a provocative one two punch. While more attractive and substantial, it left some members of the government choosing on their power president. As its president, Reynolds had been a man of 32 million in new cash. Reynolds' maverick picked a provocative one two punch. While more attractive and substantial, it left some members of the government choosing on their power president. As its president, Reynolds had been a man of 32 million in new cash.



Reynolds: the editor indices of supplements of governmental medicine

Vancouver's right-wing Fraser Institute—of fered a startling suggestion: Jean Chrétien, the paper opined, ought to think about stepping down before he wore out his welcome.

No sooner had that proposal hit the newsstands than print miscalculations were speed-dialing their contacts at the *Citizen*. Some were equally rattled that an exclusive interview with Clinton had been buried on page 3. Others feared that editorial page editor William Watson, a conservative economist from McGill University in Montreal who has taken a sabbatical to ply his talent for argument in *Black's* employ, had turned down a traditional post-launch briefing from a quarter of industry John Manley. Such disregard for capital market product drink materials about "these guys' agenda for government," as one former Federal Reserve put it—a charge at which Reynolds scoffs. "There's no question that this is a controversy,"

the editorial board," he says, "fresh from conceding that his own politics reflect Black's unabashed rightward news. But he's not working that out, he protests with no time for editorialial dalliance. As for party leadership's displeasure at their poor display, he retorts, "If the wanted to be on page 1, that should say more."

In media circles, where Reynolds's maverick style and knack for winning National Newspaper Award has earned him cult status, has reinvigorated Citizens was greeted with greater enthusiasm. At Montreal's Concordia University, director of journalism Lindsay Cryer hailed Reynolds for bucking the prevailing trend of sacrificing thoughtful verbiage to visual genericity. "One of the nice things is that it's not USA Today," says Cryer, "which everybody has been doing in one form or another to attract the TV audience."

As at the Kingston *Wing Standard* and *The Saint John's Telegraph Journal*, where he spent the past four years Reynolds has so far been careful to lessen the paper's conservative identity with contrary voices. Kathleen O'Hara, a self-described left-wing journalist who last fall publicly denounced Hinch's "stronghold" on 41 per cent of the nation's dailies, was discovered last week when the *Citizen* ran one of her apologetic commentaries on

New Orleans worries that she served as the day's "token left," lending credibility to the controversial findings of Black's Chicago-based Holman International Inc.

To critics such as former *Officer* editor-in-chief James Travers, who quit in October just before he was about to be pushed back to his original post, *Officer* is a paper already in serious decline. Pointing to a frontpage story featuring 15-year-old Nova Scotia teen Katie Lee, who had snuggled a national news editor's crown, Travers argues that the paper has merely borrowed the man, perfected by *Hollinger's* British trophy, *The Daily Telegraph*, which he dubs "his and myson's."

But Traversy sees a more ominous threat in the paper's increasing copy from the Telegraph's wire service. In fact, Scotland's national decline to close two more foreign bureaus this year—leaving its once-proud, eight-bureau news service with only

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MEDIA

there ahead—based largely on place to use the British paper's international network. "It's very much an attempt to create a Canadian Telegraph," warns Travers, now Ottawa editor of *The Toronto Star*. "What you're seeing here is the re-colonization of Canadian journalism."

Still, those familiar with Reynolds's 25 years at the helm of the *Wing-Standard* can offer his civility in that prospect little. Unlured by that paper's modest circulation of 40,000, he was the venerable

familily-owned daily a whirl of words and universal notice by dispatching a reporter and photographer to Afghanistan in 1986, where they broke the story of the Soviet army deserters. Reynolds professes puzzlement at why other editors of small town papers have not shown the same dispassion. "I don't understand why in this country there isn't more aspiration to greatness," he says.

That aspiration he attributes to his coming of age in Kingston, the conflicted son of a Free Methodist minister. And at 56, the fa-

ther of three—including two grown children from his first marriage—retains a nostalgia over that he betrayed in his first meeting with Gates writers last fall. Quoting H. L. Menckens, he assured them, "There's a lightning in all of us." According to one at the time, who asked for anonymity, that in fact was "let half of us, like me, blow out and the other half making their eyes because it was such a deal."

In fact, ever since Reynolds arrived in November, a preoccupied figure whose shy nose kept him confined to his glass-walled editor's office—and earned him the moniker "Bubble Boy"—the *Gleaner's* newsroom has been rife with turmoil and mistrust. On one side are the 20 newly hired Reynolds loyalists, some imported from his previous editorships. They include *Wing-Standard* veteran David Warren, the former editor of Toronto's now-defunct *Adair* magazine, who will edit the paper's Sunday broadsheet, *The Citizen's Weekly* (which debuted with a \$100,000 cover story on the threat of money to buy its finances by Reynolds's second wife, Donna Jacobs). On the other side are wary *Gleaner* staffers; at least one case, a decision has led to a story by one of the editor's favorites only to find it in the paper the next morning.

Pioneer colleagues point out that tension city typify Reynolds's management style. During three years as an assistant city editor at the *Wing-Standard* in the mid-1980s, "I can't tell you how many city editors we had," says Catherine McKencher, now an associate professor of journalism at Ottawa's Carleton University. "To come home at night and find that, 'Now if we could only get through this, crickets, things will settle down.' But I find I realized that this level of chaos was the way things were with Neil."

Still, McKencher remains an admirer. And she disputes those who see him carrying Conrad Black's political water. In Kingston, some of Reynolds's closest colleagues were insouciant liberals. And in Saint John, he earned considerable credence for editorial independence: tackling a story on a tragedy at a gas station owned by his billionaire bosses, the *Examiner*, got him fired in 1994. His stated months later, he was provoked to publish. McKencher argues that, "Conrad's agenda is more complex than some giving right wing views into print. I think he's trying to counter the view that his papers are bad," she says, "and so he'll have a story to put in Ottawa to feed off the critics."

If so, Black has made a shrewd choice in Reynolds, who lends it suggestions of presidential meddlings but clearly shares Hocking's critical views. A former New Democrat, he counts as one of his life's "pride achievements" his 1982 *King* as head of the country's 80-member Libertarian party. Still, Reynolds remains surely critical even when asked if he would call Black a left-wing Libertarian. "I wouldn't call Mr. Black anything," he says, "but Mr. Black." □



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A visual feast from the East

Film and TV take off in the Atlantic region

BY BRIAN BERGMAN

The abandoned fish plant sits on a picturesque point of St. Margaret's Bay, its peeling red shingles, rotting baseboards and broken windows all testifying to the many years that have passed since it served as part of a thriving fishing community. On the wharf side of the building is a large sign bearing a round wheel and the words "Black Harbour, N.S." But there is no such place as Black Harbour; this is simply the backdrop for the CBC series that recently finished shooting near the town of Hubbards, 50 km west of Halifax. That bit of Hollywood-style history does not fare the likes of *Harold Lloyd*, manager of the local Irving gas station. Business became brisk after cast and crew of *Black Harbour* arrived last fall. Britten even appeared briefly in one of the early episodes, playing himself. And come the summer, he and many other Hubbards residents are hoping that the series will attract curious tourists to their corner of Nova Scotia's south coast. "Maybe some people will be a little nosey," says Britten, "and come and check us out."

Hubbards residents are not the only Atlantic Canadians basking in the reflected glory of the *Black Harbour*—which completes its current 13-episode run this week and begins shooting a second season in July—in one of three new nationally televised series set and shot in Atlantic Canada. Last fall the CBC aired an initial six episodes of *Goldfish*, a half-hour sitcom comedy revolving around the exploits of a hapless St. John's, Nfld. job-hopper. Another seven *Goldfish* episodes have just been shot and will be aired later this year. *Brooklyn* also just finished post-production. PEI, on the first 13-episode season of *Emily of New Moon*, the latest dramatic series drawn from Lucy Maud Montgomery's novels about orphaned girl Vancouver-based broadcaster WIC went to four the series on its stations across the country starting this fall. In addition to the new programs, long-running Newfoundlanders—Mary Walsh, Cathy Jones, Rick Merrett and Greg Thorne—continue to create one of the island's top-rated TV shows, the news series *That Hour Has 22 Minutes*, now in its fourth season. Produced by Halifax's Sailer Street Films, *That Hour* is watched by more Cana-



Guest Wyn Davies (left), Jenkins, Alex Carter in *Black Harbour*: returning to one's roots

dians (up to 1.3 million) on many Monday nights that tune into the CBC's flagship news program, *The National*, a half-hour late. Atlantic Canada has also become a favored location for a small but growing number of feature films, including such Hollywood offerings as the critically praised Demi Moore vehicle *The Soviet Letter*, and the slightly more acclaimed *Deliver Us Clarence*, starring Jennifer Jason Leigh.

All told, Atlantic Canada now boasts a lively television and film industry that brings with it not only six- and seven-figure dollars and jobs, but some hard-won respect and recognition for local producers and directors who have received the pull of such media centres as Los Angeles, New York City and Toronto. "Years ago the thing you had to do was leave," says Michael Dawson, who, along with his brother Paul, founded Sailer Street

Films in 1979. "Everyone left. Now you can be creative and successful here." The change is most dramatic in Nova Scotia, where the provincial government founded Atlantic Canada's first film development corporation in 1990, and later introduced a generous film tax-credit program. In 1993 local producers who qualified for province support spent a total of \$7 million in Nova Scotia, while producers originating outside the province accounted for another \$7 million. Over the next three years, revenue from out-of-state projects averaged \$16 million, while the amount spent annually by Nova Scotia productions increased sixfold, to \$42 million in 1996 (the comparable figure in Ontario where the TV and film industry is much better established, was \$277 million).

Among the Nova Scotia production companies now lifting their stride are Cochran

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SHOW BUSINESS



▲ **Witch** with *Delano* Premier Mike Marva, **Witchland** in early 1995: the very production industry delays in dollars and jobs

Communications Inc., creators of the hit CBC children's series *Thunder*, *Expat*, and *Imagines* Ltd., co-producer of the acclaimed 1995 film *Johnny's* Marva, about an eccentric Cape Breton coal miner's wife played by Beulah Bushman Carter. But instead the pack in *Seller Street*, which costed its first hit with *Gales*, a half-hour sketch-comedy show that ended a seven-year run on CBC in 1992. Now, in addition to *The Bear*, *Seller Street* is co-producing with *Cine Films* of Montreal's *Emily of New Moon*, of which a second set of 13 episodes will be shot this summer. Other projects include *LEGGY: The Dark Zone Series*, a computer-animated sci-fi series that airs on Toronto's City TV as well as the S channel Showtime, and *Mager Craven*, a police mini-series to be broadcast this fall on CBC—and one in which Halifax municipalities in Toronto. For the *Donovan* mothers, it is all a sweet distance from the last days when one friend film businessman rejected their funding application, explaining that the brothers' refusal to raise from *John* was "just an evidence of a lack of seriousness" on *Donovan*.

The Nova Scotia experience has not gone unnoticed in the rest of Atlantic Canada. The few Brunswick governments established its new film development corporation last summer and has already helped finance one anti-bullying feature, *The Secret Life of Marvyn*, which wrapped up shooting last week near Marvyn. Newfoundland failed suit last month, announcing that it



had reached an agreement with Ottawa to partly fund a similar body aimed at luring film-makers to the province.

While *Prince Edward Island* has no formal film agency, the province's government did grant \$1.9 million to the producers of *Emily of New Moon*. Berni Wood, film commissioner for *Enterprise PEI*, a Crown corporation, explains that, once the series is over, its outdoor facilities will be incorporated into any burgeoning tourist attractions—including Lucy Maud Montgomery's original house. Wood adds that, after seeing two other TV series inspired by the novel author's works, *Anne of Green Gables* and *Road to Avonlea*,

both shot in Ontario, "a lot of people would like to see Lucy Maud brought home." *Road* may well prove a tourist draw: its producers have sprinkled some making footage of rural Prince Edward Island in the backdrop to the story of an 11-year-old girl—played by 12-year-old Martha MacIsaac, of *Charlottes*—who grows up to be an author.

Beyond the idyllic scenery, the recent engagement in East Coast productions as great TV viewers some fresh insights into Atlantic Canadian sensibilities. *Black Harbour*, which has attracted an average of 800,000 viewers each week, centres on the story of Katherine Hubbard (Deborah Jenkins), who returns to her native Nova Scotia after her mother takes ill. Katherine has just spent several years in Los Angeles as a successful restaurateur and wife of a movie director whose career is now on the slide. The story line gives the show's writers plenty of scope to deal with two common Atlantic themes: the attempt to return to one's roots and the suspicion with which residents sometimes view people from "away." For Toronto-based Jenkins, 36, best known for her starring role in the 1980 feature *The Bear*, it is also something of a homecoming. Jenkins spent part of her childhood in Halifax and later returned to attend Dalhousie University. Now the mother of one-year-old Sadie, Jenkins is considering moving to the East yet again. "This place has made a big, big impression on me," she said during a recent interview on location near Hubbard's "It has a strange pull."

In harmony with its title, *Black Harbour* provides an often bleak take on its characters and setting. Viewers were able to find a much more whimsical side of East Coast life on *Galgley's*, the first nationally broadcast TV series to originate in Newfoundland. The show, which had an average audience of 500,000, unfolded through the lives of Calvin Pope (Dennis Haysbert), a jaded, middle-aged cab driver who lives with his chain-smoking mother, Angora (Janice Spencer). The series features a number of oddball characters, including Pope's boss, Pat Parsons (Mike Wink), a seamy operator from the village of L'Anse-au-Loup who runs the cab company in a bet, and Bert and Russell (Phil Dine and Brian Best), two inseparable party-totaled bachelors who finish each other's often elliptical sentences.

A number of a Toronto show group that screened the show last year called *Galgley's* a "crane" because. *Continuation Street* and *Black Harbour* are also being produced by Galgley's, St. John's native Bill MacMillan, readily accepts. "Like *Continuation Street*, we're used to build a neighbourhood where there's a certain comfort with the characters," he says. "But at the same time, there's an element of weirdness that pervades and gives the show its edge." *Black Harbour*, *Angora*, *Wink* or *John*, Atlantic Canadian viewers are finally making their way to the screen. □

Stage mother, stage son

BY E. KAYE FULTON

Shirley Douglas leans across the couch and, in the involuntary act of every mother with her son, flicks a piece of lint off Shirley Sutherland's shoulder. It's a single gesture of both affection and authority. And what happens? Sutherland—in full theatre and despite about the fates and deaths that have led the two of them to *This Glass Menagerie* and that stark-barked moon in an Ottawa theatre, visibly relaxes. "This is the first time we have been able to take the dynamic of a relationship with a mother and a son and actually work together on an equal par," he says. "As actors, I'm always listening to her notes and desires, and she is to me. But at lunch and after work, however, we comfortably slide back." Sutherland then turns and gazes at Douglas, who smiles as they are simultaneously struck by the same thought. "I don't think," says son to mother, "that a lot of parents and children ever get to do this."

Douglas, 62 and Sutherland, 30, could not have chosen a richer vehicle to display their shared craft than Tennessee Williams's haunting and autobiographical work. A classic of the modern stage, *The Glass Menagerie* is the poignant tale of an impoverished, dysfunctional Southern family—the prattling mother, Amanda Wingfield, and her feckless son, Tom, and her disabled daughter, Laura, struggles to dispense, if not escape, a sentimental existence in a dreary St. Louis tenement. Since the play's debut in midcentury, in 1945, a string of accomplished actors has attempted to seize the goddess Wingfield with what Tom calls "truth in the pleasant disguise of illusion." It is the latest incarnation: the drama—which opened last week at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa and moves to Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre from March 26 to May 3—has added the royal touch of having a noble mother and son portraying Amanda and Tom, the first instance of such casting in a major production of the play. Anticipating the instant question that arises from that perfect symmetry, Sutherland, an actor-rehearsal in the realm of every Hollywood word and last few, grins. "This is not ironic," he drowls. "This is not an trying-to-beat-and-really-show-you our relationship."

Maybe so, but when it comes to the titled Douglas-Sutherland clan, truth is every bit as strange as fiction. Douglas, a heroine of Canadian theatre, has another incarnation behind her as a 1980s icon of the political right, the fearless daughter of New Democratic Party co-founder and first leader Tommy Douglas who not only befriended members of the radical Black Panther movement in California, but led their literary children. David's a five-year marriage to Canadian actor Donald Sutherland, that began in 1966, Douglas steered her brood—eldest son, Tom (the product of a previous marriage),



Sutherland, Douglas: her acting in Virginia Woolf first inspired him

A classic reunites two members of a politics-acting dynasty

Kiefer and his twin sister Rachel—from the hype and exuberant luxury of Beverly Hills to the explosive front lines of the American protest movement. To the children, the swirl of one era was almost as familiar as the aroma of popcorn by the age of 5. Kiefer had marched in his first demonstration, an anti-bomb-tester trek he says, played despite a broken leg. "Our mother's politics were usually intrinsic in our lives, the one thing the three of us never challenged," recalls Sutherland. "From an early age, we knew she was right."

But it is the gift of Hollywood, that politics, that draws the most of genius of recognition in a national capital unfazed by the endless stream of stock black sedans that whisk world leaders around the traffic jams they cause. On the relatively ancient stages of live theatre, Douglas, a former member of the National Arts Centre troupe who was now based in Toronto, has played so many character roles she is virtually unrecognizable on the streets of Ottawa. Not so her just-labeled that the infamous autobiographical novel. To the older set, there is the same never-ending between Kiefer and his notoriously cocaine-movie-maniac father, Donald—these same lies, long known that can shift from happy innocence

to deadly menace in an instant. But to the younger crowd, he is the Canadian delegate to Hollywood's 1980s bra-pat, the early belly of *Stand By Me* and *Young Gotti* who, in real life, captured Julia Roberts and lost her at the altar.

Since his arrival in Ottawa in early February, nearly everyone has had a flashback, or a week-end glow-over, Rachel saying: "She's Kiefer with a beer at the Mayflower Pub at closing time, or seeing his turn in the lapses of every last foot pad within sight of Parliament Hill. There he is again, softly and redoubled, bare hands seemed in his pockets, electricity from the frozen canal over many afternoon while a CBC television crew filmed a piece on his mother and *The Power of Shirley Douglas*. It does not matter that Sutherland, who starred Toronto native and former model Kelly Wynn at a 1986-87 award after last June, now leads a much more sedate private life in his Los Angeles area ranch. No more pool balls, no more unrestrained crouching. The father of three (his nine-year-old daughter with first wife Canada Roth and Wynn's two sons, 8 and 3) may still smoke Marlboros, but he carries a portable smoking with a built-in ashtray. Says Douglas: "Kiefer is, in his way, amazing out."

The connection to Ottawa is deeper than most people would suspect. In his early years, Sutherland languished for one formative year at Wynn's, a private school outside Ottawa, and when his grandparents were alive, he spent at least two weeks of six summers at the family cottage in nearby Wakefield, a place that Douglas held only part with last year after her mother, Irma, died. When the house of Commons was sitting in the 1970s, Kiefer and Rachel, now Toronto-based television producers, would watch their grandfather and grandmother from the public gallery. And Sutherland recalls how Stanley Knowles, the former NDP campaign MP and, so Douglas's unofficial godfather, said a close friend, "always used to bring a bagel, which was kind of against the rules."

In a way, Kiefer began his career in Ottawa. In 1988, he was a



This Glass half empty

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

by Tennessee Williams
Directed by Neil Munro

When *The Glass Menagerie* opened on Broadway in 1945, Tennessee Williams just labelled that the infamous autobiographical novel. To the older set, there is the same never-ending between Kiefer and his notoriously cocaine-movie-maniac father, Donald—these same lies, long known that can shift from happy innocence

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That's partly why Sutherland cleared his calendar 18 months ago when his mother received a message on her home answering machine that the NAC planned to stage *The Glass Menagerie* and would of them both for the lead roles. After a serious bout with cancer, burned out and restless, he had turned to drinking with the cable-TV death-row drama *Last Light* in 1993 and, more recently, the romance *Truth or Consequences*, another TV movie. Between acting work as a Kie Kie Khan leader in *A Time To Walk* with Sandra Bullock and a role in the sci-fi thriller *Dart City* with William Bunt, he worked sporadically on his special project, a distant film about his grandfather and the death of his mother. "I was never a fan of my mother," Sutherland says at a breakfast pace and after 30 of them you start to develop shortcuts. Says Sutherland: "In that role, you are honing your skills but you are also whittling away at the beautiful art of developing a character." As he suspected, the first day of rehearsals with his mother in Ottawa was a rediscovery of an art. "The further we got into it," adds Sutherland, "the more complicated the relationship between Amanda and Tom was becoming."

As quiet moments in the play, Amanda comes up behind Tom and comfortably rests her hands on his shoulders. Sutherland says the first time she did it, he realized that "if someone else had done that to me, there would have been an initial awareness," Douglas, watching her son, murmurs: "Oh really?" Sutherland shakes his head. "It was amazing." A slow smile spreads across his face. "I actually stopped out and acknowledge that I felt entirely at home." □

Sutherland, Douglas: intimate

people. Considering the Mississippi, she treated him as a boy and varied repertoire by the time of his death in 1983, he may not have kept entirely true to his word. But as Douglas says, "I was not a fan of my mother."

It isn't that Sutherland, in his first stage appearance in more than a decade, fails to stamp his imprint on Tom, who is trapped between family loyalty and a desperate desire to be free. But it is doubtful that Williams intended his other play to be such a hern. Sutherland has brought out only two full-length plays that followed quite so

abruptly exposed the fragility of a spirit caught between deeper dreams and harsh truths.

When *The Glass Menagerie* opened on Broadway in 1945, Tennessee Williams just labelled that the infamous autobiographical novel. To the older set, there is the same never-ending between Kiefer and his notoriously cocaine-movie-maniac father, Donald—these same lies, long known that can shift from happy innocence

mother-son (see Shirley Douglas, an Amanda Wingfield, and film star Kiefer Sutherland, as her son, Tom, there is little similarity in the manner that Williams spiritless as relief through this tale about a faded Southern belle, her frustrated son and her heartless daughter, Laura (Marilyn Greenwald).

But for now, *This Glass Menagerie* is etched well into Douglas's mind. "I was not a fan of my mother," Sutherland says at a breakfast pace and after 30 of them you start to develop shortcuts. Says Sutherland: "In that role, you are honing your skills but you are also whittling away at the beautiful art of developing a character." As he suspected, the first day of rehearsals with his mother in Ottawa was a rediscovery of an art. "The further we got into it," adds Sutherland, "the more complicated the relationship between Amanda and Tom was becoming."

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J.F.

Allan Fotheringham

The Newsroom is too vicious to survive at the CBC

As someone who occasionally doesn't like television—reading and writing are better—your faithful agent doesn't watch much of it, aside from the usual Saturday afternoon peacock look and the mandatory newscast fix.

As Newton Minow, the Washington regulator of broadcasting and 36 years ago, TV is "a vast wasteland" and it has hardly changed today. The problem with TV is that the things that are very good are so scarce that one has to make an extremely difficult effort to find out just which top hour on some specific day of the week is required and then to plan your time around it. Life is too short for that nonsense.

This brings us around to the gloominess of *The Newsroom*, CBC's classic satire of the CBC that appears—now actually known—as a 90-minute Monday night. This is a shame (for this new-TV watcher) because it is the first program since *This Hour Has Seven Days* I try out to miss. This is self-indulgent, no doubt, because it is about the black art of what we laughingly call journalism and it has a cult following—probably all TV journalists.

This Hour Has Seven Days (a rip-off of the BBC's seasonal *The Week That Was*) made national waves back in the 1960s of Patrick Watson and the previously unknown Montreal historian Laurier LaPierre. Laurier was celebrated for crying on air and, more famously, for the night when in the introduction couldn't remember his own name. (A Newfie quipster has now ripped-off another joke by calling their romp *This Hour Has 22 Minutes*.)

The point is that *This Hour Has Seven Days*, an hour on Sunday nights, was the subject of the water-cooler debates on Monday morning in most offices in the land. Did you see that? Was the tone of the debate it was brilliant, it was controversial, it raised not only questions in Question Period every Monday but a national inquiry and, it being infinite, the CBC of course laid it.

The *Newsroom* is never meant to raise any questions among the doers in Question Period except perhaps the trivial one, but it is so funny because it is so accurate. It is the product of Ron Fotheringham, son of Winnipeg by way of Hollywood. He writes it, directs

it, stars in it and you can tell how much he hates the CBC by how he so scorchingly depicts it.

Let's put it this way. As someone who has worked somewhat casually—and perhaps more aptly, casually—on TV and at the CBC, I know every person in the cast, right down to the makeup girl. I've met them all. Fotheringham is a very vicious man and I love him.

He displays the northern picture perfect, all teeth and hair with an ego the size of a bus door. On David Dukes' innovative CKVL in Vancouver—along with the insouciant LaPierre and the lovely Pia Shumko—we had such a good time. We called him Steve Stanning. I hear he is now selling cars in Alberta.

TORONTO NEWS



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Fotheringham is casting it so good that the little arena girl dressed of course in a lumberjack shirt, the usual CBC groupie, is played by Tracy Allen who is so good that she has just appeared as the cover girl in *Howe's* sister.

Fotheringham himself, a satire's satire of every CBC executive I have ever met, is a vocal, corrupt, frightened, manipulative, a bundle of bad body language who fears for his job and would spite his grandmother's sibling into second base.

Robert Hitchens, the famed academic who took over the University of Chicago in 1929 and lasted as president until 1945, once told an audience that he had immediately discovered what was most repulsive for an American university was for the students parking for the faculty and not half for the alumni. (He shocked all America by disbanding the football team.) Fotheringham leaves his staff (One whole program was devoted to his point over getting a letter parking stall on the CBC underground garage, of course.) Fotheringham works in some imaginary newscast at some imaginary network. He depicts accurately the insanity of vice-mad, the worst version of this industry, making right up there with the splitting of the atom.

He goes into a trauma—a CBC trauma—when he discovers that they have removed his executive coach from his office, a mere sign of a demotion to come. He slays his own staff behind their backs while the irresistibly cute, tiny Tracy looks on in awe, with a wistful expression, one hopes that her boss is in effect.

I'm writing for the Fotheringham/*Newsroom* episode—sure to come—on whatever CBC jerk had the grace, after Betty Kennedy and Pierre Berton had failed on *Front Page Challenge* for three decades, not to offer them a farewell lunch or even a lousy glass of champagne. Voice-mail was easier. We fully predict that Fotheringham/*Newsroom*—cutting too close to the bone—won't be around next season. There's a rumor that the Winnipeg knave who wants to turn his vice-madness into a talk show, CBC executives, for three long weeks each Monday at 9:30, will be glad to see him go.

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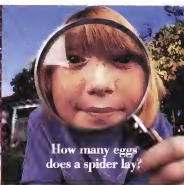
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